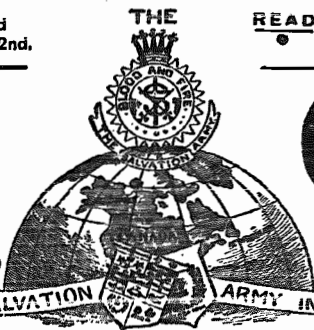


Harvest Festival I Aug. 31st and
Sept. 1st, 2nd.

READ "The Black Diamond City" in this
Issue.

WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XL No. 42. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the R. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 20. 1895. [HERBERT H. BUCHER, Commandant for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

OUR SALVATION MARINERS.

The Crew of the "William Booth" now Touring the Great Lakes
on Salvation Service.



Jas. Amies,
First Mate.
T. Bloss.

Cadet Milligan.
Lieut. Parks,
Trade Agent.
Cadet Payton.

Lieut. Redburn,
Head Sergeant.
Capt. Finlayson,
Shipper.
Cadet Curry.

Prof. Little.
Adj. McGillivray,
Commander.
Capt. Barr,
Advance Agent.

Cadet Gibson,
Boatman.
Capt. Bird,
Barr/master.

W. T. Medlock,
Engineer.
Lieut. Rushbrook,
Engineer.
A. Hyams.
Cadet Bahier.

W. Cameron.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

Its Origin and Work.

The Naval Brigade is an offspring
of the Household Troops Band idea,

as established in England by the Com-
mandant. A band of young men was
then formed, who toured the country
and aroused intense enthusiasm by
skillful playing and Godly entreaty.
Here in Canada we are much more
scattered, and travelling for a band
of 20 people would eat up all profits.

We have thousands of miles of sea
line along the great lakes, on which
many large towns are situated. What
could more effectively suit our pur-
pose than the buying of a yacht, and
the visiting of these places by means
of God's free waterway? There's the
whole matter in a nutshell. The Bri-
gade consists of sixteen saved men.

claps, led on by Adjutant McGillivray,
besides a ship captain, engineer and
trade agent. Everywhere they go
the natives show them much kindness,
and many hard goes have received a
lift up on the way. May God bless
these Salvation Mariners, and make
them more than ever successful fish-
ers of men."

Scotch Bob,

A MODERN
PRODIGAL.

A SERIAL STORY.

II.

"And He Spoke This Parable Unto Them."



MY DONTWOOD'S DAYS were spent in a palace of a home, with governesses and servants, cared for and waited on—and I to clean shoes for a living! But, after all, it was good for me that I became emancipated from those iron habits of pride and the customs of society.

Afterwards father said that coming to Canada had done more for me than anything could do, next to the grace of God.

Regularly he had family prayers with us, all the servants were called in, and if one was missing he would wait, and wait. Where is Jennie, or Maggie, as the nurse might be, and they would do anything for him; they would remain years in the service of the family. I can see the Bible now on the little, three-legged enameled table, and my father's spectacles on it.

Oh, what a terror to have gone to hell from such a home—from such surroundings!

I was very much impressed by a sentence I once read somewhere: "THE MEASURE OF PRIVILEGE IS THE MEASURE OF PUNISHMENT." I felt that would apply to me. It seems to me there is a whole chapter in that line. Oh, such a home! No boy had better chances than I! But I didn't see their value at the time. Now I can feel what responsibility rests upon me to make up those wasted hours, and to be a man of God. Oh, the service of love and gratitude I owe Him!

I feel like taking hold of all the ropes of Heaven when I think of the past. It serves me to a greater consecration. God, make me more and more a Salvationist in principle and practice.

It was when I was TEN YEARS OLD I first ran away from home. I was terribly given to story-telling. I don't know how I came to be, for my father was the soul of truth and honor. I would imagine lies, and make them up to such an extent that my father would not believe my word unless I had something to corroborate my statements. I never hesitated to help myself to any stray coppers or anything like that, and I could always invent some way to

Lie Myself Out of a Sorape.



"My head was stuffed with legends, poetry, and novels."

I was a voracious reader. I would read anything, even to the encyclopedia, till my head was stuffed with fairy-tales, and poetry, and novels. I conceived the idea that if I could only get away from the constraint of home I could work my way up, and become a sort of second Dick Whittington.

So I stuffed my bag full of provisions, helped myself to all the spare money I could lay hands on, and set off on the road to London.

I felt a sense of condemnation as I went, but it was rather from the dread of punishment, with the memory of solemn lectures, followed by imprisonment, and a diet of bread and water, with theoretical chapters learnt by heart and the Shorter Catechism. But as to any sense of sorrow for grieving God by my sin, there was none.

I had hunted about ten or twelve miles along the beautiful, straight, turn-pike road towards London, when a thunder storm came drenching down. I made the lightning, and I thought, "Now, if that strikes me, I shall go to hell, sure."

There was no shelter; there I was in the middle of a wild, desolate moor, with nothing but peat-bog around. By the time I was well soaked through I began to think perhaps I had better turn and go back. I imagined that

The Wild Thunderstorm

was a special providence sent on purpose to warn me.

There were tracks home. I went on to the village, where I knew I could take the train with my cash in hand. It was a little fishing place near the sea—our home was near the sea; how I used to love to watch the great, green wall of salt water dash and foam on the lighthouse, when the vessels were trying to make port, amidst the wild uproar of the waves.

After waiting some time for the train, with my wet clothes drying on me in the sun, at length I arrived in Aberdeen. I found there was a circus there, so I thought since I was sure of punishment anyway, I might as well take that in first.

It was eleven at night before I reached home. Then I began to feel thoroughly bad. I sat on the wall and watched the house. I could see the lights moving hurriedly to and fro, and then a policeman came to the door. I thought I could slip in quietly without being observed, but by-and-by one of the servants caught sight of me, and then my elder brother brought me in.

My father took me alone and talked to me. That was

An Awful Talking-to

—worse than a whipping, but father seemed to have been too scared about me that time. At last I broke down and cried, but my grief was far too evanescent—it was like a vapor that vanished away, although next morning it was a very shame-faced boy came down to breakfast, but it was rather because I felt I had made such mud of the whole thing than true grief.

After that I constantly PLAYED TRUANT from school. I would start all right down street, with my books under my arm, but never reached there. I would be away into the country bird-singing, or down by the sea, and off along the rocks, where the tidal waves left the little crabs.

I remember THE FIRST PIPE I smoked. I saved up my coppers to buy it, now bird's-eye, strong and hot. I went below the smoke it, and tried to persuade myself I was enjoying it, because it was manly, but I had to leave the table in the middle of my supper—all in a hurry! Oh, dear!

What would stay away whole weeks from school without being found out—forging little notes in my sister's hand, and inventing excuses to the teacher.

There was another lad as bad as I was, Jonathan Gordon and I were sworn chums in wickedness. We grew worse and worse. We took to breaking windows, ringing the door bells, smashing the street lamps, and any DESTRUCTIVE DEVILRY we could devise. And yet, I lied so calmly that my father did not find me out.

One time we were hard up for some new devilment, so, after we had dabbed every door with newly slacked lime to take the paint off, and knocked the policeman off, by tying a thread from tree to tree just on a level with his head, whilst we laid in ambush, watching, and

nearly split our sides with suppressed laughter when he swore vengeance. Then we went home, throwing stones over the wall all the way along where we knew the glass-houses of the botanical professor were. But we were ALMOST JAILED for it that time. Fancy what a terrible thing it would have been for father in his position as

Chief of the County Police

to have seen me, his youngest son, in the dock. However, I got about the worst licking then I ever experienced.

As I came into the house I saw a policeman standing there with a blue envelope in his hand. My conscience told me it was something to do with me. I would have given anything to have been able to steal and destroy it before father saw it. The neighbors had been complaining and watching. Now this was a summons served against me at the house.

That night my father came to the foot of the stairs and called my name: "Robert?"—generally it was "Bob." I knew from his tone something was up. He held that blue paper in his hand. "What does this mean?" he asked, sternly.

I had no possible chance to lie my way out.

Then HE HORSE-WHIPPED ME, whilst my elder brother held me, and each stroke drew blood. I caught it that time, and no mistaking it.

I quieted down a bit for a while, but it was from fear of punishment, from dread of hell. There was no love in my goodness.

(To be continued.)



HOLINESS.

Tunes—Oh, I'm glad there is cleaning; Rockingham, "B.R." 32.

Give me the love that helps me now
To make the needed sacrifice,
And daily at Thy altar bow,
To hear the cross may I rejoice.

Chorus.

The Saviour is living in my heart.

No more to idols do I cling,
The separation is complete;
To Thy dear cross my all I bring,
And lay it at Thy bleeding feet.

Oh, Saviour keep from sin set free,
And help me walk the narrow road;
It is my joy to share with Thee
The cross, the only way to God.

CADET BERRY, Little Bay, Newid.

(a)-(a)-(a)

Tune—I am coming, Lord, "S.M.L." 479; "B.J." 55.

When far from God in sin
My heart was often sad,
But now the Saviour dwells within
He's made my sad heart glad.

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord.

Dear Lord, when Thee I saw
Upon that rugged tree,
It broke my sad and hardened heart
And brought my soul to Thee.

Lord, let Thy blessing fall,
Fill me with love just now,
With burning love for souls in sin,
While at Thy cross I bow.

SERGEANT MAY LANG, Peterboro.

Field Officers' Column

WRITTEN BY

AN F. O. FOR F. O.

Captain Stubbs,

Of Bismarck, on

"HOW TO RAISE FINANCES"

Replying to a query from the Editorial Office as above, the Captain says:

I HARDLY know how to begin. At first I felt like consulting a lawyer, for I think they know how to make money better than I do, but I suppose I must do my best in answering you.

\$ \$ \$

I never feel very much like tackling anything on that line like consulting a lawyer, for I think they know how to make money better than I do, but I suppose I must do my best in answering you.

LOVE AND UNWY

in the corps. Where such has been the case there has not been much trouble in raising a good amount.

In any special effort the officer must first have confidence that the thing can be done, and also be able to inspire confidence in those who work with him.

He must show them, by his example, how to work, giving to each their place and work to do, and then as I heard a certain British minister say about liquor and tobacco, "Go at it, stick at it, and if you find it hurting you stop it." Leave out the last clause and the S. A. will pay its way.

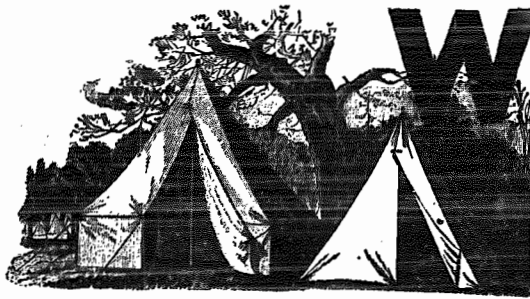
ON CROWS,

Or, "Set a Thief to Catch a Thief."

Wilson, in his "American Gravidology," says that crows have been employed to catch crows, by the following stratagem: A live crow is plucked by the wings down to the



ground on its back, by means of sharp forked sticks. Thus situated his cries are loud and incessant, especially if any other crows are in view. These sweeping down about him, are instantly grappled and held fast by the prostrate prisoner with the same irresistible impulse that urges a drowning man to grasp at everything within his reach. The game being disengaged from his clutches, the trap is again ready, and by pinning down each captive successively, in a short time there will probably be a large flock screaming in the air in concert with the prisoner below. Does not that cunning fowler, the devil, use this artifice well? The crawling drunkard, the blaspheming infidel, fast bound by power, these again becoming snares for others. What a grip does one sinner give another, and how ready a tempted man is to become a snare!



WELLS' HILL.

The Army Under Canvas—Ten Days Salvation Exhilaration—Toronto
Salvationism of all Ranks Ruralize—Music, Marches, Meetings,
Knee-Drills, and a Wedding, Hurrah 31 Penitents—
Commandant to the Fore.

A VILLAGE OF TENTS.



NCAMPED WITH CHRIST.

"The fresh, bracing air of the Spirit is always to be found on the Hills of Truth. A good ramble over the heights and depths of the Word, its hills and dales, its hidden glens and gorges, its green pastures and still waters, is the best tonic for the drooping soul."

TEN DAYS on the hill-side apart with the Master. "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

GOOD INDEED! Good in the morning, when the sun bursts forth in glory, when the bugle calls to kneel, when the wind whistles pence through the trees, when the heatwaves break through the pines in a stream of warm fragrance. Good in the evenings, when the setting sun overflows the camp with floods of red gold. And between the quiet blue and the rosy dawn, soft darkness and the hush of night, with the white tents blanched in the moonlight.

All things Own Him.

Doubt vanishes, unbelief seems impossible.

Days of pure happiness, days of song and merriment, days of long and beautiful meetings, full of strong-spoken testimony and flattering confession, days of balmy blessing, days of spiritual breezes. Sinners forgiven. Pardon and repentance preached by the power of the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Overhead the tree-tops meet, Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet."

"You can't mistake the way," directed Captain Attwell. "Just watch out for King for the big notice, 'TAKE THIS CAR FOR THE CAMP.' But you needn't bother, it will go of itself if you only let it."

"I live on Peace Street," was the shy greeting from Mother Florence, near the gateway opening in the high fence, dividing the dusty road without from the shade and the hush of the green woods and soft sward within.

"It's like

A Little Heaven Below,"

she affirmed, whilst the two big dogs blinked assent. "The meetings have been times of great power and blessing. I haven't been to kneel-drill, but I can hear it, and oh, the sound of the singing in the early morning! And there have been souls right along."

"There have been some wonderful cases of conversion. One, a man of about sixty, made a full confession. Some have come forward for sanctification—a heart by blood made clean, isn't that beautiful?"

"It seems to me one's heart has been almost too full to testify," said Sister Dorsey.

MAJOR HOWELL flung himself on the turf and shoved back the ruffled mass of dark hair from his sunburnt forehead.

"It looks as if we might have a storm, but I don't think it will come just yet," he meditated. The rich red of the evening glow burnished each tree-trunk into solid gold and tipped each blade of grass.

"You led the first meeting at the commencement of the campaign, did you not?" he asked.

"Yes. It was a sort of inauguration service among the soldiers, with

prayer for the success of the whole service. So had

A Rattling Good Start,

full of the power of the Spirit. All the camps united. We have had fine times since, right along. Yes, it's equal to my expectations. On Dominion Day, when the Commandant led, the place was packed full, both meetings—with five volunteers. We have had some souls almost every time."

"And now you pull up stakes?" "Yes, after the wedding feast is over. No, the tables will be set under the trees, not in the tent."

However, owing to the threatening rain, the tent was used.

Here, in THIS COLONY ON THE HILL, one may see how these Christians love one another. Apart from the feverish rush of the soiled world you may study the home life of the Salvation Army behind the scenes, as patent to the eye of day as though they lived, almost, in glass houses. In frank hospitality, "kindly affectionate," often sharing all things common in the social community of camp-life. "Are you going to put in about our baby's new shoes?" was the laughing inquiry.

ADJUTANT TURNER dropt on one knee at the door of the tent, whilst he lifted his little Ruth into a chair and strove to induce a wee foot to fit straight in the newly purchased boots, whilst she bestowed a smile of proud approval upon his patient effort.

"Yes, it meant quite a bit of work," he said, in answer to an inquiry about the preparation for the campaign.

"You see, we have a good many families encamped. TWENTY-SEVEN TENTS, as well as the big one and the cañtēn. The Headquarters' boys live one to themselves, and the Ladies' Band another. We've had three meetings every day. Kneel-drill at seven, afternoon at three, and at eight in the evening, with a nice lot of folks at each. Showers of blessing! Especially on Sunday and on Dominion Day, when the Commandant was here."

THE FIRST SATURDAY AND SUNDAY series were conducted by Colonel Holland, with Headquarters' Staff and band to the front.

"Altogether, we have had a thoroughly enjoyable time," observed THE CHIEF SECRETARY, with the accents of an oracle. He was almost lost to slight stooping amidst the blue smoke from the crackling sticks of a gipsy fire between three bricks. The latest scheme was to persuade the kettle to boil.

"Everything has been arranged," he continued, "for

The Comfort of the Campers,

by Major Howell and Adjutant Turner. Considering that the Toronto corps have been going on with the usual meetings just the same, with an occasional exception—we have had

good congregations. In previous times the corps have been closed in the city. Amongst those who have been to the penitent form, one was the brother of Mrs. Staff-Captain Horn."

"The children have enjoyed it splendidly," added Mrs. Holland. Under the trees here it's just lovely, you know, it's something just beautiful! Look at our Willie, jumping up and down and roaring with all his might!"

In fact, a whole contingent of the Company were raising high dido on the dry grass, crisp twigs, and nice, powdered dust.

THE MUSICAL MEETING on Tuesday was led by Major Complin.

THE EDITOR OF THE WAR CRY balanced a writing-pad upon his knee, but apparently he found it difficult to make much headway with his notes.

"How did the meeting pass off?" we added to the rest of his forty-seven interruptions.

"Very well," he replied, as he dipped his pen and shifted the ink-bottle, "considering how little preparation there was for it. The Headquarters' Staff band boys were all present, and did their share exceedingly well. I had only just returned from Luger-solo."

"What should I do without Sappho!" softly murmured Mrs. Complin, scurrying away at some shining cooking utensils, with nimble fingers.

"Oh, yes, there was a good crowd, but, although the prayer meeting was held on till a late hour, no one came forward, in spite of every genuine effort put forth for

The Salvation of Souls.

However, Captain Attwell, who assists with the War Cry, dealt with one young man until he professed to realize his sins forgiven where he sat. He seemed a good, genuine case, too. In place of the usual Bible reading a succession of texts was repeated, and it seemed to open up a rich vein of Scripture truth."

"What have you named your tent?"

"'Prospect Place,' the Major calls it," explained Mrs. Complin, "on account of the beautiful view." Beautiful truly, as we glanced at the rich foreground, down the tangled hillside over the fields, and away to the distant vista of the city, dim in its smoky blue, and beyond that again the placid bay.

THE FIELD OFFICERS' DEMONSTRATION was conducted by Brigadier Jacobs, assisted by the city officers. Past the cañtēn, past the Commandant's tent, near the "Save the children" (Children's Shelter, of course), next door to Colonel Holland's tabernacle, Brigadier Jacobs was sitting at ease, surrounded with his five bougie bairns.

"This is the first camp I have ever seen," he remarked. "I must confess I used to be a little bit prejudiced against them."

"And now his prejudice is all swept away," concluded Captain Peacock.

"Well," cautiously said our Scotch Brigadier, "I certainly think it's a first-rate idea for our own people. It should like it nearer the city for the sake of the sinners. I have held tent-meetings right in the centre of the town down east, in St. John, Yarmouth, Fredericton, etc."

"You spoke about Paul and Silas at your meeting, did you not?"

"Yes," again interposed Captain Peacock, "and it was about the finest, practical sermon I ever heard." So said several others.

THE SOCIAL OFFICERS' DEMONSTRATION was led by MAJOR COLLETT and the City Social Staff in lively style. Like most of the gatherings, it was pronounced an exceedingly interesting season, as well as instructive. The boys from the Farm Colony, England, gave point to the text.

At the HOLINESS MEETING on Friday, MAJOR READ—still far from well—had the desire of his heart realized, and his cup of joy, with the sight of eight more, as seeking their Father's face at the cross, some backsliders among the little weeping, yet comforted, group.

And what of THE LAST GRAND RALLY, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, with "THE COMMANDANT IN COMMAND?"

How can one put on paper the joy of waiting at the throne, no—surcharged with holy fire, hours instinct with the light and power of Heaven, when comrades testified, as the Spirit gave them utterance. Who can tell what passed between the soul and its Saviour in those moments of

Agonizing, Wrestling Intercession

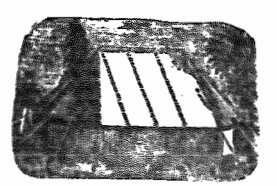
at the penitent-form? What clearer, purer views of time and eternity were given, whilst the voice of our leader was heard, accompanied by the sound of the wind like waves rushing 'round the trees.

Till the yellow stars peeped forth at night on Sunday, every moment was spent in the spirit of interesting prayer. Little groups knelt separately around the tents, between the scarcely interrupted service of the day. But under the big canvas, what a stirring up of the fire of God within the hearts of the faithful! What times of refreshing from the Lord!

After the joyous holiness meeting and a short season for rationals at noon, the Commandant and Staff headed the troops out under the hot sun for a spirited rally into Seaton village, where a rousing open-air was held. No doubt that partly helped to account for the magnificent congregation at night, for to-day, as of old, the crowd still follow a tip-top band.

With Hundreds of Eager Hearers,

with his fervent Staff surrounding him, the whole day long the Commandant's tireless tones continued, ringing steady, terse, strong, clear shot into the ranks of the enemy, pleading, entreating with the sinner, impelling and arousing the careless, strengthening the bonds of fellowship, till at the close of the magnificently-fought day ELEVEN SOULS at the penitent form crowded the glorious prayer-meeting and swelled the triumph of THIS GRAND CAMPAIGN.



THE WAR CRY.

KINGSTON STRING BAND.



Sister E. Bureau. Sergt. C. Follist. Sergt.-Major Thompson. Candidate A. Godwin.
Capt. F. Morris. Mrs. Ensign McLean. Ensign McLean. Candidate N. Downey.
Sister A. Downey. Candidate O. Glenn.

A Character Sketch

OF THE
Kingston String Band.

SERGT. CHESTER FOLLEST, as will be soon, plays the triangle. He's not a bad fellow, and can smile at 'most anything. Appears to be well saved and takes a great interest in the Juniors' work, teaching a company of them.

CANDIDATE A. GODWIN has left for the Rescue Work in Toronto. Likes lots of life in salvation, as well as other matters. Plays and sings, and does anything else she can for the Master.

SERGT.-MAJOR THOMPSON is a good-hearted soul. He's one that seems to agree to everything which is in the interest of the cause. Plays the violin and takes a leading part in the band. He is the J. S. Sergt.-Major, which work is progressing grandly.

CANDIDATE CARRIE OLENN seems a bright side to everything. Ever ready to sing and speak for Jesus. Is hurrying up to get out in the work to a greater field of usefulness. Plays the autoharp, which is quite an acquisition to the band. Quite a War Cry boomer.

MRS. ANNIE DOWNEY, great help with her guitar. Will make a useful worker for God. A little backward, but coming out of her shell wonderfully. Can sing very nicely. Delights to do what she can for God.

MRS. INES McLEAN. This sister is not at all shy. Has had quite a lot of experience in S. A. warfare, but in addition to her household duties, as well as assisting her husband in corps work, she helps the band with her music, which is much appreciated.

CANDIDATE NELLIE DOWNEY is the deputy-bandmaster. Gets some

very sweet tones from her guitar. Helps to see all instruments are in tune before starting. Keeps well saved and never gets "cranky." Hurrying to get to a greater sphere of usefulness. War Cry boomer, J. S. Company Sergeant, as well as G. R. M. Agent.

CAPTAIN FRANK MORRIS was the bandmaster before he came to Toronto. Likes lots of music played for Jesus and does all in his power to promote it.

SISTER E. BUREAU can smile now and again, and of course is saved. She will make a bright officer if she keeps on. Plays her autoharp and helps quite a little with her singing.

ENSIGN McLEAN is quite a man. Loves God, music, and everything that's good.

ONE WHO KNOWS THEM ALL.

Raised the "War Cry."

WATERLOO.—No. 1. **IRON HILL**, good meetings here. We find Father, Tibberts rejoicing. Next, No. 11, **GILMONS CORNER**. This is the place where the people know how to turn out to an S. A. meeting. Friday night we had an ice cream social. We had a beautiful time. Inside meeting led by **CAPT. McHARG**, from **SHERBROOK**. Returning to Waterloo, we find the devil here still. One more prodigal returned to his father's home and received a welcome. We have had to raise our War Cry, and have them all sold before Sunday. We give God all the glory for the past victory.—**One Who Was There**, for Captain Milson.

MONTREAL.—Ever is our War Cry victory. Sunday was a time of power. Splendid meetings in the open air, three times a day. We thank God for a blessed day spent for Him. We are all together going in to tear down the devil's kingdom. May God keep us to our guns.—**W. G. S. C.**

A Day With the Veterans

UNDER

THE STRAS AND STRIPES.

The Boys of the Naval Brigade Made Welcome at the Old Soldiers' Home in Sandusky, O.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE'S TOUR.—We arrived in Toledo, according to date. Spent four days, good times, and saw eleven souls saved. We are at Kingsville. Had good times. Next at Leamington. Good meeting, three souls. Now we are in Sandusky. More next week, if you can find room. Good-bye.

SANDUSKY.—We were invited out to the Old Soldiers' Home of this city, and it proved to be one of the greatest blessings of our trip. On our arrival at the Home there was a funeral in progress. We were at once asked to take part, which, of course, we did. We headed the procession to the grave with our little brass band, and you may guess we felt it an honor to lead such a solemn march. After this we took a good look at the Home and then held a wonderful meeting. This, of course, was the object of our visit. After the meeting we were asked to stay and take our supper with the men, and you can easily understand with what amount of joy we stayed, for this is a wonderful institution. There are a thousand inmates and they all eat in one large room. We had to sit at table in this wonderful room.

But this day's event surpassed all that we have seen on the trip. When leaving the grounds to come to our meeting in the city, they gathered in

hundreds, and with tears in their eyes bid us God-speed, and asked us to come again. The Adjutant and part of the boys will hold a special mass meeting on the grounds Sunday, and we are desiring for a great harvest of souls.

Street Lighthouse Work.

ST. THOMAS.—Capt. Scobell, G.R.M. Provincial Agent, favored us with his presence Saturday and Sunday. Meeting in the afternoon was held in the Court House Park. Wednesday had another visit from him, and without any announcement he put up his screen on the main street and gave an address on the social work. Illustrated by a powerful message. Within a few minutes we had over five hundred people around, who listened whilst the Captain spoke of the different branches of our work.—**Tenant Stevenson**.

RIVERVIEW.—Another victorious week-end. Large crowds and **TIBBS** for salvation.—**H. G. Crawford, Capt.**

CORNWALL.—Brother and Sister Collins of this corps, are rejoicing over the arrival of a beautiful baby boy in their home. Brother Collins has been a Salvationist for years, being saved when a mere boy. Sister Collins was saved in Juniors' meetings, and has never lost her first love. They are loyal Salvationists. Some one asked Brother Collins how baby was, and he said, "Oh, 'twill not be many years, if he lives, before he does the red Germany and becomes an Army officer." God bless Brother and Sister Collins, and baby Clayton Morris.—**Trilloria**.

TEMPLE.—Another week of victory. Soldiers' meeting a real prayer meeting time. Hour and a-half on our knees without any change. Forty prayed. A brilliant victory, closing the week with **FOUR** forward.—**Sign Ave**.



FIERY RELIGION In Reykjavik.

STORY OF THE OPENING—DAYLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT—OVER-CROWDED—PENITENTIARY GOVERNOR SELLS SONG BOOKS—THEY WON'T JUMP, EXCEPT AT RHANDY—ICELANDERS APPROPRIATE SALVATION ARMY—SMASH—7 SOULS—PREACHED AGAINST—THUNDERING TEMPERANCE SERMONS.

It was, somehow, very difficult for us to believe that we had been transported so near the North Pole on that mild 7th of May, when the steamer "Laura" was making her way in "the Faxa Bay," bringing us nearer and nearer that, to us, sacred spot where we should, in the name of God and the S. A., raise the standard of the "blood and fire." True, the mountains were still arrayed in their white apparel, but the sun sent its warm, friendly rays down on us, as if he wanted to remind us of the omnipresence of the "Father of lights." To us this was indeed a moment when feelings and thoughts could not be converted into nothingness. Eight years ago had I left these shores, a slaver, to seek the world's toys; now I came back saved, to seek jewels for my Saviour's crown. More and there among these mountains were my old friends and relatives, for whom my heart burned, and my prayers ascended. Now I had come to walk, live, pray, and preach among them for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls.

In a few minutes were our feet treading the Icelandic soil, but where to wand our way was a question rather difficult to answer. The people working on the beach stood and gazed in wonderment at these uniformed strangers, and even the sea-gull, which, as a rule, never cures for anybody or anything but its stomach, seemed to be especially interested in us. She swept around our head in small circles and made a peculiar noise, which I interpreted "Salvation Army!"

We knew nobody in the town, but by especial providence we found a friend in need, who took us under his roof, and has since been a real friend to us and God's work.

The arrival of the "Salvation preachers" spread like Manitoba prairie fire over the town and neighborhood, so we became the talk of the day before the first meeting could be arranged.

We arranged with the Good Templars to rent their hall, and decided on the first battle the following Sunday. Long before the meeting began was the hall filled to the doors, so we were forced to promote many to an elevated position on the platform, among whom was the most prominent journalist in Iceland. He has since made very friendly mention of us and the Army work. Two policemen and one penitentiary governor helped to conduct the people to their seats, sell song-books, receive tickets, etc.

The silence was almost too deep, and the order too perfect, to make it a proper S. A. meeting, but nevertheless God helped us to make it clear before the people what the S. A. had come for, and what God expected of every man and woman.

The Icelanders are not a people that will jump at anything in too much of a hurry, except it be at the first spring shipment of brandy-bottles from Copenhagen, but I believe that when they are ready to jump they will jump for good.

People here, as a rule, do not understand the teaching of salvation, for they have not heard such preaching all their life. However, they seem to appreciate the Army, and seek to show it, shaking hands after meeting, and saying, "Thank you for the preaching."

We are waiting and praying for a general smash before long, as many are fully convicted, but are just waiting. We are not able to hold more than five meetings a week in Reykjavik, but we have already opened two outposts, where we have met—overcrowded in nearly every instance. There is no bother about lighting lamps this time of the year in Iceland. We can lie in bed and read the War Cry by daylight between 12 and 1, midnight. The other extreme overtakes us in December, when daylight lasts about five hours. That is the time of rest for the Icelanders, and as to the Salvation Army, we mean to make it a time of salvation. But about the beautiful valleys, the snow-covered peaks, the gigantic volcanoes, and wonderful lava trails over which we march to one of our outposts, this we must leave till later on, when the inspiration strikes us. Loving remembrance to all old comrades.

LATER.—The smash has come. Seven souls at the cross. This was a signal of regular tumult. These converts have been persecuted on every hand, and some have apparently given in. The pastor preached against us the following Sunday, and one of the papers writes quite a condemnation of slander and nonsense.



How the Icelanders Travel.—These ponies carry a burden of 200 pounds weight each, under which they walk 25 miles a day. There are no roads, but merely tracks trodden down by these animals.

about us. We have been up to the country to hold a meeting in a church where the pastor is one of the worst drunkards in the neighborhood. We preached right after him to the same congregation, and thundering temperance sermons they were. We walked both ways, and had to wade rivers barefooted. Quite apostolic, that.

TH. J. DAVIDSON,
Saluhjálparherinn,
Reykjavik,
Iceland.

General Secretary's NOTES.

Any developments in the Social Work? Yes, plenty getting ready, some hardly ripe enough yet.

Captain Ritchie has been battling with dry weather and sickness. Lieut. Tooke, of the Lifebelt, and Lieut. Hyde, of the Market Garden Department, have both been promoted Captains. They have our best wishes.

Major Howell has just called into the office, very anxious to know what is going to be done at Hamilton by way of a barbecue. Has it dropped? No, my friend, we are quite busy with proposals. We cannot please everybody, nor is it wise to enter into an undertaking without counting the cost.

It is expected that the plans will be all ready in a day or two, and if a site can be obtained at a reasonable rate, the prospects are clear.

I am informed that Major Howell is on a trip north. The idea of the day is welcome meetings, salvation of souls, presentation of colors, and enrolment of soldiers.

Mrs. Major Howell and Mrs. Adjutant Turner visit Collingwood, Coldwater, and Barrie. Adj. Turner remains at the office, week-end excepted. To all the plans and arrangements we pray God's richest blessing.

Ensigns McLean and Frazer visited Headquarters this week on business. Change, I hear, are in the wind. Whether these brothers are effected I am not in a position to say.

The International Spice Box.

The last English Cry was a special local officers' issue.

A young Italian student came to make fun of the Army and got beautifully saved.

St. Helena is in terrible poverty. The Captain advocates the starting of some industry by the Army.

Adjutant Wigdery, of British Guiana, reports 60 souls, 21 saved in the open-air.

Brigadier Lamb got hold of some advance proofs of a book containing some false reports of the Social Farm. He at once wrote threatening action if printed. At great expense the offending passage was withdrawn.

Major Gover is in charge of Tasmania, and is also recruiting his worn-out body.

Major and Mrs. Jackson have been touring in East Germany. Magnificent trip, splendid crowds, and about 40 souls.

The English week of self-denial is fixed for September 29th to October 5th.

The Forester Secretary is asking for the gift of a magic lantern and slides for an officer in India to go travelling with.

The General's photo hangs on the walls of the Columbus Penitentiary, O. Brigadier McPhee conducted a Drunkard's Sunday at Norwood, Australia. They had a splendid day.

A young man walked 70 miles to hear the Maori mission band touring in Australia. He got saved.

At Jersey City III, N.J., the Captain is aiming at capturing the local base ball nine. Already the first baseman and the best batter are acted.

A testimony from a saved Dane at Greeley, Col.: "Friends, I want to be a great sinner and a drunkard, but will I come to Jesus? He Keecy-cured me."

Headquarters' Crumbs!

SWEET UP BY HANFAX.

THE COMMANDANT leaves for the Northwest immediately on the arrival of Colonel Stitt and Brigadier Chibborn. Everybody read the "Topics" this week. He lends an officers' and soldiers' council before he goes.

WELLS' HILL CAMP is all over. The wedding ceremony put the Hulaing touches on. Everybody agrees in saying that the ten days on the Hill were blessedly happy times.

ENSIGN AND MRS. FOX left on Tuesday for London. The Ensign takes charge of the Workmen's Hotel there.

THE STAFF BAND, under Colonel Holland, will visit St. Catharines, Newmarket and Brampton.

CAPTAIN J. ADAMS, of the Trade Office, has gone west on a two months' furlough. May he come back quite recruited in health.

CAPTAIN NELLIE GRIFFITHS, of the Colonel's office, has left us for the Women Warriors' Brass Band of the C. O. Province.

LIEUT. TOOKE, cashier at the Social Headquarters, has been promoted Captain.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE were at Sandusky, O., on Independence Day, July 4th. They had immense crowds and did good service.

HARVEST FESTIVAL looms up in the distance. Major Read tells of new envelopes, original ideas, etc.

CANDIDATE GODWIN, of Kingston, has been appointed to the Parkdale Rescue Home.

THE APPOINTMENT of a new G. B. M. Agent for the Pacific Province is being considered.

ENSIGN McDONALD, of the Ottawa Rescue Home, has been transferred to the Hanfux Home, Captain Cowden taking her place.

He Was Taught a Lesson.

CALGARY, ALBERTA.—It is the best Cry I ever saw! That is the opinion of the people in Calgary. Every one likes it. We have had a blessed time here. Captain Bailey with us. ONE SOUL out for cleansing and ONE for salvation. One fellow came riding down the street one night, where we held our open-air meeting, and told us to put the colors down. He made an attempt to rope us. The poor fellow was arrested and fined two dollars and costs, and our colors are still flying. GLORY!—O. O.



THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.
A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

Continue to pray for Major Jewer.
Success to the Naval Brigade. See frontpiece.

The Farm Colony Governor's opinion of the Social Scheme is worthy of serious attention. See below.

Every Salvationist should read the articles by the General on the Over-Sea Colony, now appearing in the War Cry.

Colonel Stitt and Brigadier Clibborn will receive a genuine Canadian welcome. Prosperity to the O.-S. C. pioneer party!

The Commandant's Sunday night address on Ananias and Sapphira, at Wells' Hill, startled the conscience of the crowd like salt rubbed in raw flesh.

Open-air fighting kept up in good style.
A foolish fellow in Hamilton let off fireworks against our open-air meeting. Too late in the day for that in this country.

CAPTAIN STUBBS, we think, hits the mark in his finances ruling when he advises first to give to each his place and work, then "go at it, and stick at it." In other words, we may say, PLAN WELL YOUR WORK, THEN WORK WELL YOUR PLAN.

CAPTAIN DAVIDSON, who recently left Winnipeg to join the pioneer party formed to attack the powers of darkness in Iceland, and who undertook to fill the position of Special Correspondent to the Canadian War Cry, writes us an account of the opening fight, which we heartily commend to our readers' attention.

ADULTANT MAGEE has done a good thing in sending the brief sketch of J. E. A. Sergeant Downey, which appears this week. Had a few particulars been added of the Agent's doings in her special work it might have been even better. As it is, our correspondent has dropped his subject just when we were coming to the up-to-date part.

Banishing the laws of Nature cannot be a good thing to practice. Nevertheless, the Commandant is at this very business, and by his example of hard work and daring, is provoking to emulation the people around him. Compelled to stop in the street on account of a weak heart, and at times only kept going by medicinal aid, he still persists in leading the van of the fight. May God continue to sustain and equip him for the great work in hand.

Buried almost in the multitudinous matters affecting the Territory, but donning his immediate attention, our Chief Secretary is almost lost to the sight of War Cry readers. The Commandant has, however, given another proof of his interest in the Cry by appointing Colonel Holland a regular correspondent to our paper. The Colonel will write spicy, one-inch paragraphs.

Now for cabinet secrets! Look out, ye F. O.'s. "Coming Events" will, in the Chief's notes, cast their shadows before"—perhaps.

The resourceful Brigadier Jacobs has also had a like honor conferred upon him by the Commandant. The Editor is heartily thankful for these important additions to the regular correspondents' list.

THE OVER-SEA COLONY. A Social Catechism.

Copy or a Despatch Received From the General by the Commandant.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER III.

Transfer of Colonists From Great Britain to the Colony.

1. Would not this transfer be a very costly business if carried out on any extensive scale?

Yes; but as I shall show that I expect a re-payment by the colonists it will not in the long run be very expensive, while it will, like the rest of the scheme, prove a most economical method of benefiting the poor.

2. How do you propose going about the transfer?

I should bring the people over in companies of 100 and upwards. In the first case I should have to make the best terms possible with the shipping companies, but I look forward, and that at no very distant date, to having a line of steamers of our own, which would be constantly passing to and fro, linking up Great Britain the produce of the colony for sale and consumption on the home markets, and carrying out the colonists whose labor will produce more.

3. But supposing, as would be the case in Canada, the site of the colony would be some distance from the sea?

Then we must make the best terms we can with the railways. Doubtless they would see it would be greatly to their advantage to give us most favorable terms, as every colonist we settled would mean increased traffic for their railways.

CHAPTER IV.

Launching the Scheme.

4. How would you proceed, supposing that you were about to launch the scheme at once?

Well, suppose that I had settled upon and obtained the territory desired, I should at once publish the fact

amongst our own people in that and any laboring colony and country, and ask for Salvationists who understand the sort of pioneering required to make the necessary arrangements for the first settlements. In this case I have no doubt that I should have quite as many, or more, men than would be needed for that purpose. They would cut down trees as necessary, break up the ground, put in the seed, the potatoes, or what would be needed, build the shanties for residence, get such furniture together as would be wanted, and prepare everything for the reception of the first party. From this body of pioneers I could select some of my first officers for the colony. I should then select my pioneer party in England. They would consist of about a hundred persons—40 or 70 single men and the remainder married, with a few children added to impart a humanizing element to the whole.

This hundred would, of course, be thoroughly reliable people, not containing a man or woman about whose morality we were not thoroughly satisfied, and all would be ready immediately on arrival to render some service which would be a value to the colony. Of course we would have to be responsible for finding rations for the pioneers who prepared the colony for occupation, and for food and all the necessaries for the first party, until such times as the crops should be reaped, but this would not be for a very long period. The pioneer party would be carefully guarded and directed by the officers in charge of it, from the moment it went on board the steamer until the time it landed in the colony. Arrangements would be made for its comfort and care as the port when it was landed, and all along the railway route, and as they entered their future there would be friends to greet them, a measure of comfort would be reachable at once. While work would be ready to be entered upon the morning after their arrival. Tools and similar arrangements would be continued with all successive arrivals.



INDIAN CAMP NEAR BUTTE.

"SEWAN," Chief of the Cree Indians of Butte.

The Red Man in Montana

Says Colonel Stitt, in a letter to Major Cox, of the New York Cry:—

Dear Editor:—Familiar with every detail of the Farm Colony from the time of the God-given inspiration to our beloved General, I have watched the marvellous development, marked its disappointments, grieved over its unprecedented difficulties, but desisted to-day that its ultimate power in the

banishment of war, sorrow, and crime (consequent upon the hitherto workless and unearned-for condition of the submerged tenth) cannot be gauged.

The cornerstone of a new era for the Darker England is laid.

God is, and will increasingly prosper it.

Yours in the cause of the kingdom,
W. S. STITT, Governor.

Oh, the War Cry!

REGULAR CORRESPONDENT Annie Reilly, of Victoria, B.C., says:—
"The people that come to the meetings, commonly known as 'our crowd,' love the War Cry, and buy it regularly, though they are unmerciful critics when occasion arises."

"Our soldiers love the War Cry and the majority of them read it all through as soon as it arrives. The only complaint they make is that it is not half large enough."

"Nearly all the business people subscribe to our paper, and look for it eagerly every week, but seldom offer an opinion."

Hurray for the "Cry!"

EDMONTON.—The people of Edmonton just love the Cry, and watch anxiously for it every Saturday. No trouble at all to sell them, on the streets and in the hotels. I love to sell them for Jesus. It was a cross at first, but God blessed wonderfully and has blessed me. Halibuts!—Annie Hurst, Lieut., Alberta.

JUST TO HAND.

Nkomatsepoort, Transvaal, Africa, May 25th.

Dear Editor:—I received my Easter Cry. I must send you a word of thanks for such a treat. It is indeed a beauty. I think it even surpasses the famous Christmas number of '94. I feel quite proud to show it to my friends, and say, "that's the way we do things in Canada." It's a treat at any time to get a Canadian Cry out here, but when we get such a one as the Easter number, it's simply glorious. Why, even the trade man's ads are interesting.

God bless the dear old Cry. Yours in Christ, a Canadian in Africa,
B. L. THURBER.

CAIPT. COOK, of 69 Burke Street, Melbourne, Australia, who declares he is in earnest to know all about the S. A., at home and abroad, desires to exchange our Cry for the Australian weekly. Anybody willing to do this, please advise this office.

THE TRAVELS OF THE CENTRAL ONTARIO TENT BRIGADE.

Left Toronto for Oakville. Good meetings, led by the Commandant Staff Band. One soul. Go to Waterdown, calling at Bronte. Meetings led by Adjutant Turner; crowds and interest good. Reinforced by Emge McAmmond. Our next place, Grimsby; tent delayed, but pitched in an open air. One soul. Jordan came next (who has not heard of Jordan?) Kindness, sympathy, and interest on all sides. On Sunday a man and his wife drove from Grimsby, ten miles, and told us that after we had left they could find no peace till they had surrendered to God. A night in the open air at St. Catharines, then Niagara Falls. Good open-air, good meetings; one out at peasant farm. Another man called at quarters, seeking food. Fed him, talked with him about his soul, had prayer meeting and believe he got right with God. While here, heard of young man at Jordan who had refused to serve God when pleaded with, being suddenly sent off. Stopping at St. Catharines for night meeting, on to Toronto in time to get some meetings on Wells' Hill, commencing our second tour at Bolton. CAPT. FRED YOUNG.

HALIFAX N.S., No. 11. It is all there, but has been through the fire. We have proved a man's enemies are those of his own household. Have seen a heart dead and made him proved unfaithful. But, thank God, the old standards are there and the devil is getting left. Capt. Gusto Haysler, the old veteran, is in charge. A few souls have been won. Keep that heart and soul firm. Right on, comrades.—Secretary.

TERRITORIAL TOPICS

BY THE COMMANDANT.

O. S. C.

Later developments have decided the General to proceed at once with the survey for the Over-Sea Colony. Accordingly, Colonel Stitt, Governor of the Home Colony, and Brigadier Clibborn, late of South America, and our respected brother and friend, Mr. Lawford, of Bangor, England, set sail by the S. S. St. Louis, leaving Southampton on July 6. It is hoped they will arrive in Toronto on Saturday, the 18th, in time to make connection with the Northwest Express, whither, when joined by the Commandant, they will proceed forthwith.

A MOMENTOUS UNDER-TAKING.

It will be difficult to say at the moment exactly whether we are bound. We will leave ourselves free to inspect the various districts reported upon as suitable sites for the General's Colony. These districts are situated in localities in some cases thousands of miles apart. We shall conduct no meetings en route, as they are such as can be convened in a few hours' notice. Our duty is to spy out the land and also the climate, AND we shall see everybody within reach north, south, east, and west, to hear their views, ride over as well as possible, and dig into them as well; inspect the ripening crops; sound the settlers' spirits, and feel the pulse of things generally. We shall start out feeling, as few parties have ever felt, the stupendous responsibility resting upon us. Upon our report may hang the destinies of a new state, and hopes of a new generation. Let the prayers of all ascend to God on our behalf for an endowment of wisdom!

A NEW CRADLE OF EMPIRE.

For beyond all question the matter of this colony is a huge affair. No careful reader of the General's Catholicism, now appearing, can doubt that a new thing in the way of colonization is to be attempted; a thing the nervousness of which supplies the missing element, for want of which schemes in bygone days have proved so futile. Wherever this Colony is to be established it is destined to be a success sufficiently great to arrest the attention of the whole world. Of all features, none are more likely to insure this, to my judgment, than the fact that so large a proportion of the settlers are likely to be Salvationists, attracted to the Colony out of sympathy with its aim, desiring to spend their lives under conditions so in keeping with their perceptions and practices. Here we shall have, in addition to those coming out to a new and happy existence from circumstances of poverty and misfortune, an element of help and experience and sacrifice which will be as heaven, indeed. We can say, therefore, that we are not destined to build up a small empire on the principles of the cross.

COMRADES.

Colonel Stitt is an old comrade of many years' standing. He was almost the first companion in arms I had on entering the service. He and I served together under the Marchese in Paris. When the Prefect of that city shut down Army Hall, and prohibited any further meetings, we fled into the lane where I received my first black eye as an Army door-keeper. Colonel Stitt, then Captain, came to help us find another place, and whether we yet undrunk part of that great city. We secured the neighborhood for miles around. As last we met on an old iron foundry, opposite a canal, about 800 yards from the Place de la Villette. After much manoeuvring

we got it. There were more clauses and provisions, and whys and wherefores, and whithers, and wherefore, notwithstanding, and nevertheless, theretofore and thereto, aforesaid and hereinafter, etc., etc., than in any other lease I ever remember before or since. Of course, they were all in French, which made it all the more tantalizing. We got inside at last. Behold, it was very dirty. Iron girders stretched across supported the roof, a great deal of which was glass. A gallery ran around, also supported by hundreds of iron rods. I shall not forget those girders and rods. Upon each had accumulated the filth of an age. The whole place was a floorless, shapeless, depositary of dirt. Captain Stitt and I tackled it like a couple of gladiators. Cash was scarce. Hard work and a little self-denial, we thought, would accomplish the end more reasonably than letting our contractors mix it. The building was minutely turned into a hall, which for beauty and cleanliness could not be beaten. It took us about six weeks. During that time our diet was mostly grapes and fried potatoes. The last time I was in Paris I had the pleasure of addressing about 80 cadets who occupied the very seats I had myself stained and varnished. Now Captain Stitt is a Colonel and a Governor, and we go together as possible pioneers of a far greater undertaking. God bless the Colonel! It is a matter of profound regret that I am not able to introduce him at a series of rousing meetings all along the line, but the urgency of his return to London and the desirability of our being untrammelled by any engagements makes it impossible.

A COSMOPOLITAN.

Brigadier Clibborn, it will be guessed, is not a stranger. The brother of my own sister's husband has for years been an intimate comrade and companion. The Brigadier has seen much happy and successful service in France, Switzerland, Africa, Belgium, and South America. It is indeed a pleasant prospect to look forward to the company of such old and loved comrades. If our survey is as useful as it is happy, it will be profitable, indeed!

WILL IT COME?

It will, of course, be understood by all concerned that the inspection of these localities does not in the least commit the General to their choice. We who live Canada and long to see her broad acres in the West peopled with a Godly community, fervently hope that the result may be in her favor.

HARVEST FESTIVAL, HO!

The dates are now definitely fixed for the Harvest Festival celebration throughout the Dominion, Newfoundland, and Northwest America. They are Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, August 31st, Sept. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. Some new and novel features are to be introduced this year. For particulars look out for future issues of these notes.

N. W. AMERICA - BRAINS THERE.

Encouraging news continues to come in from Major Friedrich and Bennett. Things are moving well in Northwest America. Meanwhile, will all comrades there make to help us

make the special edition of their Cry a better record of local news? Will officers, and indeed soldiers, take an interest and supply the editor with interesting matter? We want to make this edition of our world-wide paper second to none anywhere. We have enough brain power west of Winnipeg to do this over and over again. Will our comrades please remember we are powerless without their assistance?

ADVANCE, SPOKANE!

The Social work in the West continues to boom. Developments at the Shelter at Winnipeg may be quickly looked for. Victoria continues to go ahead. Spokane will shortly come in for her share. Why should not this city have its Rescue Home? It is all a question first of officers and secondly of dollars.

Married at Wells' Hill Camp,

Monday, July 8th.

ENSIGN FOX AND CAPTAIN AYLING.

An Immense Crowd—Salvation Hilarity at Boiling Point—"Showers of Blessing"—The Knot Fastened by the Commandant—A Backslider Weeps His Way to Jesus.

Beyond all question, THE WEDDING CEREMONY was a splendid success.

THE COMMANDANT, who has been in excellent fighting fettle every day on this occasion, excelled himself—if possible. In capital spirits, and with many a merry bit of fun, he handed the marriage question from various standpoints. The storm of volleys that greeted his entrance with the bride and bridegroom, caused the canvas sides of the tent to flap to and fro with the vibration of repeated shouts and cheers. The crowd was dense and appreciative, the spirit of the soldiers united and enthusiastic.

BRIGADIER JACOBS stirred the audience to roars of laughter, in the Chinese inter-nigted gloom, with

The spirit manifested throughout was delightful, whilst the Commandant's address was, as on the previous day, the talk of the command. "The Ladies' Band, or, rather, THE WOMEN WARRIORS' BAND," was commissioned by the Commandant, who shared in the warm approval felt by everybody. After the meeting he held a little private council with them apart.

A huddling-up-and-over testimony meeting followed, and ended in a free fight for souls. One could not help but be impressed with the freedom and almost ironicalness of the whole affair, like the rejoicing of some great family gathering. Without any break in the light-hearted jubilation, it continued into a concentrated hat-



Ensign and Mrs. Fox.—Married by the Commandant at Wells' Hill Camp, Monday, July 8th.

his pithy and comical allusions to the bright days of his own courtship and marriage. Adjutant Manton and his son, Bandmaster Manton, both endorsed the Brigadier's opinion, with exceedingly sensible testimonials on their part as to their personal experience in this matter. Others spoke to the same effect.

One feature, not mentioned in the programme, was the

Heavy Down-Pour of Rain

in the instant of the momentous climax. The solid speaker on the roof was so persistent that the voices of the speakers were lost, until the Commandant introduced

"Showers of Blessing."

into the performance, as a chorus. Finally, however, under the green railway, draped with flags across the platform, the clearly spoken "I wills" were repeated, and both bride and bridegroom became "I wills."

MAJOR COMPEL, when called to sing a song. The one he chose, however, was never completed in the first verse was drowned with cries and shouts for the old favorite, "John Doe."

to for the salvation of one young man at the point of rain under the influence of drink. Until nearly midnight the soldiers held on around him. Then his fetters broke, the light streamed in, and another clear case made the thirty-first for the week's camp.

ADDENDA.

God bless Ensign and Mrs. Fox (nee Ayling), the newly-married pair. They went through the all-important ordeal right bravely, and got the documentary evidence of the transaction right there on the spot.

Jesus, at the marriage in Camp of Gathie, furnished the Commandant with a fruitful theme. Note it, Ensign and Mrs. Fox, let us all hold it. "Take Jesus into everything you do, and you have Him to supply every need as it arises. Have you a need? Then, if you have Jesus, you may rest assured that need will be supplied. Let us then stand for Him as our only help, and let Him be our only help."

These words were the substance of the great testimony from Bandmaster Manton.

A NEW OPENING AT OTTAWA.

The Imperial City Adds Another Corps.

For some time we have been urged to open fire on ROCHESTERVILLE, a suburb of Ottawa. At last our opportunity has arrived, a gentleman kindly loaning us a piece of land, and another helping us to buy some lumber, with which we have built a platform and roofed it.

On Thursday evening, July 4th, almost all the corps turned out, hand around several blocks to notify the people of our arrival, and then pitched in for a real, live Salvation meeting.

There is one thing very plentiful in this locality and that is children, for they swarmed around till there must have been two hundred of them.

There was good order throughout the evening. We are believing to have a successful time and our souls.

CAPTAIN BEARCHELL.

INGERSOLL'S BIG GO

MAJOR AND MRS. COMPLIN LEAD ON.

ENSIGN FRAZER'S NEW QUARTERS.—\$388 RAISED.—\$100 TO BE SAVED ANNUALLY.—TELEGRAPHIC FAREWELL.

INGERSOLL has just celebrated its anniversary. Major and Mrs. Compilin were there. Their presence and help were richly enjoyed by soldiers and friends. Not only was it the celebration of the twelfth anniversary, but also the opening of a cosy little Army Home for the officers.

Ensign Fraser and family have for the last six months been in charge of the Woodstock, or what has been known for the last four months as the Ingersoll, District.

He removed his District Headquarters from Woodstock to Ingersoll the first of April. Almost the first thing he set his heart upon after getting there was the building of a quarters for the officers. The barracks there is Army property, seating capacity 800, far too large for ordinary purposes, so Ensign Fraser thought enough could be easily spared for a quarters, making the gas and heating bills much less for the winter months, and still leaving the barracks comfortable for the summer. So he brought his idea before his local officers and soldiers, and they, being a fair-minded, highly intelligent class of people, saw at a glance the advantage of the scheme. Then Contractor Brother Scott took the plan from which was sent to Headquarters, where it passed the Property Board.

By hard and constant labor from the soldiers and officers, with an occasional day when the men did the experienced hand, and the guiding eye and counsel of Brother Scott (who often called around and sometimes spent a day with us), the work went on. Ensign and Lieutenant felt a little stiff at first, but after a few days from 6 and 7 in the morning until 9 and after at night, every day for a month, they got used to it, and one month from the time the first nail was driven we were in our home, and a fine little place for Major and Mrs. Compilin can bear us out in saying.

Down stairs, on the level with the main barracks, is a kitchen 12x10 1/2 feet, with a roomy passage off it. Then, leading from the kitchen, facing the street, which is the principal street in Ingersoll, comes the dining room, 12x10 1/2 feet. The stairway leads out of the dining-room and lands you in a long, cool, and pleasant sitting room, 19 1/2x12 1/2 feet, with a large window facing Thames street. Then on either side of the room are two nice-sized bedrooms, 11 1/2x10 1/2 feet, each, a window in each room looking out upon the main thoroughfare, and a nice, large, clothes closet, making in all a quarters containing a kitchen, pantry, and dining-room down stairs, sitting room, four bedrooms and clothes closet up stairs. On the

north side of the barracks is a little hall, capable of seating 75 comfortably, for J. S. meetings (and I might say right here that our Ingersoll J. S. meetings come second to none in the place), soldiers' meetings, and knee-drill, leaving a main barracks large enough for 500. Cost of quarters and little hall, \$421.44, which, owing to kindness of friends in sympathy with our work, donations from soldiers, dinner and banquet on the 1st of July, the debt of building, independent of the usual corps income, was cleared off by payment of \$382.45, leaving a balance of \$38.99. But, just like the S. A., no sooner were we enthroned in our new home, and, as the poet says, "Monarch of all we survey," then in comes a boy with a telegram, saying, "Ensign Fraser, farewell! Send him the following card," and here we are, and of a truth we can sing, "No home on earth have we."

The Lassies' Brass Band Tour IN WEST ONTARIO OUTLINED.

Make Things Hum.—They Win Souls and Get Cash.

After leaving LONDON we struck ST. MARY'S. Had a nice time in the open air. Next day off to STRATFORD. Monday off to MITCHELL. This place has no officers, and is run from Stratford. Capt. McKenzie went on ahead and arranged things. Next day we went to SEAFORTH. Met at station by Adjutant Taylor. Felt quite at home here. Had a nice time at Seaforth camp. CLINTON, and from there to BAYFIELD. Who has not heard of Bayfield? Large crowd here, although the Naval Brigade had only been a week ahead of us. We had down hill all day. Saturday and Sunday to GODERICH, and from there to WINGHAM, where we had a fair time. A drive of twelve miles brings us to TRESWATER, driving back to Wingham the same night. Next day to BRUSARD. Next day on to LISTOWEL, where we found the famous Captain Rowe was stationed. Leaving this place we struck PALMERSTON. Through a change in the arrangements no one met us, but we found our way to the quarters, where dinner was ready waiting. We soon felt at home in their midst. Booked at night for HARRISTON, a drive of six miles. Came back to Palmerston the same night. Next day being Saturday, was the day for cleaning up. Sunday, good meetings all day. THREE SOULS came to God. Then we had a wind-up and march around the barracks. Ask the band who the three were that led the dance! BANDMASTERS.

On leaving Palmerston we proceed to Drayton, a drive of twelve miles. Had a full house. From Drayton we drive with Father Scarr to Fergus, a drive of six miles. Fergus, where we had a proper good time in the open air, with three dollars collection, and a special one inside of four dollars, making a total of seven dollars, apart from what was taken at the Woodstock. Fergus, where we drive on to Elora and then to Guelph. Many thanks to Ensign and Mrs. Hunter, who did all they could to make our visit a success. Berlin next. Arrived at night. On Sunday we drive on to Cap. Orchard, but he was not there. We wended our way to the barracks and sat down on the steps to "meekly wait." By and bye the Captain came. A very good crowd at night. On Sunday, three times all day. Afternoon, a fine time. Christians took hold well. At night we had a good time, with one soul out for salvation. God is not only helping us financially, but spiritually as well. ADONTE.

Open-Airs Grand.

GRAND FORKS, N. D.—STILL looking up. Pralse the Lord. THREE SOULS last night. Many seeking the blessing. While there are a great many attractions to keep people away from the meeting, we are doing our best to bring souls to the cross. Our open-air meetings are grand. Soldiers on fire for God and music. Yours for Jesus, E. Kemp, Captain, L. Gibbs, Lieutenant. 70 on march Sunday night.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

The General farwelled for Scandinavia. The Chief and Commissioner Howard with him.

Interest aroused over 30th anniversary. Great central gathering planned.

Adjutant and Mrs. Walder, till recently of Canada, in England on furlough.

Brigadier Richards and "Midget David" at Bury. Anniversary meetings. 23 souls.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. Booth visits Buffalo. Midnight crusade. Great sensation. Splendid ladies' meetings, etc. Star Theater on Sunday. \$1,000.

Persecution at Yonkers. Twenty-four comrades jailed. Bailed out, except Ensign Crawford and his two aides. Will fight it out.

Staff-Captain Cox imprisoned at Colorado Springs. Soldiers come and clean her cell. Intense indignation against authorities.

AUSTRALIA.

Another Pentecostal campaign being arranged. A Maori missionary party on tour. Brigadier Richards touring through North Queensland.

NEW ZEALAND.

Australian Guards' Band now touring the Colony.

Great Rescue Demonstration at Christchurch. Several M. P.'s and the Mayor on the form. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Fisher, late of Canada, take a N. Z. appointment.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Brigadier Keetch at Port Elizabeth and Graff Reinet. Splendid meetings. 40 souls.

Ensign Webb, Capetown L. Lassies' Garrison leads the S. A. world in Cry selling. Her corps sells 1,800 every week.

Revival at Grahamstown. 24 souls on recent Sunday.

Dominion Day

—15—

PORT ARTHUR.

FIVE MEETINGS AND 2000 PEOPLE.

The 1st of July dawned clear and bright, with good omens for a fine day for the celebration of Dominion Day in Port Arthur, for which a large programme of sports and games of all sorts had been arranged.

Where was the Salvation Army all this time? Asleep? Not by any means. A little band of men and women, with Mr. Elliott at their head, sallied forth from the barracks and took their stand on the street corner. What a contrast it presented, this simple procession of a handful of God's redeemed ones, and the CALI-THUMPIANS, who also paraded the streets attired in all the most fantastic and ludicrous costumes, the former to hold up Christ, the Saviour of sinners, and the wonderful satisfaction (which the world could not give them) they found in Jesus, and the latter vainly endeavoring to get satisfaction from the games and sports they were engaging in.

Our little band knelt on the street corner and brought God's blessing on the meeting. Crowds lined both sides of the street and pressed around the ring.

At 2.30 p.m. we marched off to another corner, where we preached and sang, and testified, and invited sinners to get saved. A crowd of French people stood near the ring, having great fun at the Army's expense. Imagine their surprise when the Captain began to sing in French. They could not understand it. Following up this advantage the Captain sang several more French choruses, and

then told them of Jesus, who was strong to deliver them, to which they all listened with rapt attention. About an hour of this kind of business, when we removed to another stand. Here we again drew a stake and preached Christ to the people, who, for another hour, listened avidly to all we had to say.

7.30 p.m. found us again on the street, with still an interested crowd standing around. Shot, thick and heavy, were hurled at the enemy here. A LOG-ROLLING CONTEST took away our crowd to the docks, and thither the Lord directed us to go. And so for the FIFTH TIME we planted our flag for an open-air meeting. Did we get the crowd? Why, yes. Some took no notice of the sports, but it soon grew and was in all we had to say. We had announced a "singing battle" for the night's meeting in the barracks, so we were compelled to leave the operation about 8.30 p.m.

The "singing battle" went with a swing. The "Army A B C" took well, and so did all the singing, but the quartette from the "four noted characters of the town," brought down the curtain.

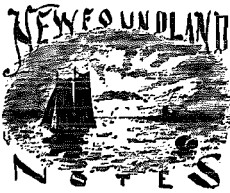
At the close of the inside meeting all felt tired, yet satisfied that this was the best day we had ever spent, having held five different open-air meetings inside meetings, and spoken, in all, to about two thousand people. To God be all the glory. JOE E.

ARE YOU FOGGED?

Drifting from Holiness.

TAKE SOUNDINGS.

WHAT a difference! From heavenly light, holiness and purity, to hellish darkness and sin; from faith and victory to unbelief and defeat; from hope and courage to loss and despair; from being spiritually minded to carnal mindsets; once enlightened and inspired by the Holy Ghost, now empty and powerless; from peace of mind and rest of soul to unrest of mind and agony of soul; from life to death; from enjoying Heaven below to the experience of one of old, "the pangs of hell gat hold on me." Precious soul, is the Spirit revealing to you this is your experience? Have you fallen, been and wounded in the battle? But you say, I am all in a mist. I would obey God at any cost, but do not understand Him, circumstances or myself. No doubt the devil has laid his plans for your downfall. He saw the strong point in your character, and decided its very strength would be a chance for him to work and cause your overthrow, making the strong points your weakness. What a wonderful plan! The mist of unbelief, doubt, fear, and darkness closed you in. Some time ago, when going from one port to another by water, a few yards from the wharf the boat was enveloped in mist, in the early morning, in the autumn season. The order was given to cast anchor, and for two hours we appeared at a standstill. Then soundings were taken, showing we had drifted into shallow water. The captain was given to question, "Are we drifting?" "Yes, come!" The thought struck me, how like our experience spiritually; we either go forward or back. Very soon the boat was in and was out between islands and mainland. I never remember seeing such bleeding of colors and beauty of foliage. The woods were gorgeous in "rich" gold, green and brown shades. The lesson drawn was this: If you have drifted spiritually, "take soundings." Find out where you are and how you got there. Pray and pray till it is plain to your mind. Then to ask others to help. Do your first works again. Repent, renounce, consecrate, and TRUST! When tempted to doubt or fear, take the word of God, and on your knees let the searching tide hold of your soul and soul, then let God draw you. His own promise. Bring your will up to God's and stand on truth. Obey and go forward; as you walk in light the mist will be before the presence of the "beauty of righteousness" will be revealed to your eyes.



GOOD MORNING, Mr. Editor. I am sure you will be glad to receive a few more pebbles from this beautiful Isle. There are some pebbles of more value than others, so there are spiritual ones that are of more value to God and to His people.

LET ME SAY HERE, in the first place, that you will be glad to learn that Ensign E. F. Gooby was united to Captain M. Burton on June 27th. I tell you the Ensign had a close shave to get there for the special occasion, only having one hour to get from the boat to his quarters, pack his trunk and be on board again, but he got there in time. What will a man not do to be on hand on such an important occasion! Well, the knot is tied, and his troubles are all ended. Happy man!

ON THIS 28TH we had a Staff-Committee all day, and some very important decisions were arrived at. Those present were Ensign and Mrs. Gooby, Ensign Freeman, Rennie, and "Cricket," Ensign Payne, Captains Cave, Cashier, and Mrs. Sharp, along with the writer.

DO YOU WANT to know what we did all day? If so, just read on.

First.—Decided that every War Cry and Young Soldier that is ordered at the present time CAN and SHALL be sold.

Second.—That we shall work and get every officer to pay in full for the same amount that they receive.

Third.—That each D. O. shall write for the War Cry once a month, and urge upon every officer to do the same. (Heer, hear—Pd.)

Fourth.—That we believe not only can we maintain our present sales, but that we can improve and increase the same in a short time.

Fifth.—That we order 80 extra copies of All the World as one, and each D. O. will do his best to bring the same before the public as he visits his corps, and also try and get every Captain to purchase one for him or herself.

Sixth.—That the sick and Wounded has been neglected in the past, and from this time we shall urge every officer to send in the regular collection for the same, and very earnest should be entirely devoted for the benefit of the sick officers.

Seventh.—That we start on the first of July and go in to get 1,200 prisoners during the next six months. That will be an increase of 400 against that of last year.

Eighth.—That we go in to enroll 600 soldiers during the next six months. This will be an increase of 300 over that of last year, but we have the faith and we can do the work.

Ninth.—We rejoice very much in the fact that every corps that paid rent has now started again to do the same, and we shall make a great effort to keep them up in full every week.

Tenth.—That the colonizers "Baptist" and "Glad Tidings" shall not be a burden on the P. H. Q. and to clear expenses of the same we shall urge upon every one that we can to get to join the Fishermen's League.

Eleventh.—That while we mourn over the poor state that our beloved Island is in at the present time, financially, yet we believe that with a united effort and a practical, systematic planning we shall be able to raise a large sum of \$500 for Harvest Festival. This will mean nearly \$200 over that of last year.

Twelfth.—That we all sympathize very much with our beloved leaders, Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and that a letter of sympathy be written and signed by all the staff and sent on to them by the



A Buck.

A Family.

MONTANA CHARACTERS—FLATHEAD INDIANS.

first month, assuring them of our loyalty, and also that we give the Commandant and Mrs. Booth a most hearty invitation to visit the seagirt Isle this fall, and should it please the Lord, and they could find time and see their way clear to come, a most loyal and enthusiastic reception awaits them all round the Island.

J. D. SHARP, Major.

That New Opening I

NORTH BAY.—As in all railroad centres, the men here are absent from town a great deal of the time, or sleep during the day, and the spiritual tone of the people is, therefore, rather low. Another drawback is Sunday railroad life. But, notwithstanding these difficulties, our Army forces here are gaining strength—perhaps not numerically this last week or two, but decidedly so in a spiritual sense. The Army held a picnic in the park on Dominion Day, at which a large number of townspeople were present, and all who attended the open-air services thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A visiting minister very kindly took part in the service. The meetings have been well attended, and we are all looking forward with earnest expectation to the arrival of Major Howell and party, who are to be here on the 17th, 18th and 19th inst. We expect great good to be accomplished for the Master's cause at these meetings.—Veritas.

PICTON.—Since last report, God has been blessing and saving souls. There have been twelve profess conversions.—H. Walker, Capt.

STRATHROY.—My, the devil was mad when those three souls got right a week ago Sunday night! Last Sunday he (the devil) was at knee-drill threatening defeat, but God enabled us to believe, and every sinner there, two young men, and one old, gray-haired buckskin, got saved. The devil fled for a season. Converts out on the march and testifying in every meeting. All glory to Jesus.—Lieut. Ottaway.

Volunteers Encamped.

RICHMOND, QUE.—We are having splendid meetings here. Saturday night fifteen Queen's soldiers on the march. They have their tent near here, and they make things lively around town nights. Sunday afternoon and night, good meetings. Monday we had Mrs. Capt. McHarg and Cadet Wilson, from Sherbrooke, with us. Ice cream social at 6.30 p. m. Grand success. Two of the volunteers, who were once S. A. soldiers, did good service as table waiters. We had a rousing open-air about 6 p. m., and another at 8.15 p. m. A good meeting inside, with one soul at the mercy-seat. We are going out to the camp grounds for a meeting with the volunteers to-night.—Cadet Ida Harris, for Captain Smith.

ST. JOHN'S I.L. NF.LD.—Sunday was a blessed day. God blessed and helped us very much at three inside meetings. We had with us the scribbles from Headquarters, also the crew of the S. A. war ship, "Salvationist," and our new officers, Capt. Gosling and Lieut. Brown. There was some sharp shooting done. The night's meeting was a time of blessing. God came to the meeting with power, the Spirit did its work.—Wm. Coffel, Sergt. Major.

CAIRNONEAR, NF.LD.—Captain Burton, who was passing through from Hunt's Harbor to St. John's, stayed with us over Sunday. There is a big time expected at the city. Ensign Gooby will be there. Ensign Freeman, after spending nearly a year in the district, said good-bye to the comrades and friends of this town on Sunday night. The Ensign has gone through a great trial of his faith recently in the death of his dear wife and child, and every hour now is liable to bring his mother's end. Will every comrade pray for him?—Captain George P. Thompson.

PERTH.—The Salvation Army is holding a huge. Some are holding up their hands for prayer. On Sunday we had great times, dancing, singing, and praising God.—W. Teepie and A. A. K.

Perk Warfare.

ORILLIA.—I have just had a week-end at the corps. Found Captain and Mrs. Wynn's faith shining bright on a good Sunday. The park was fixed up in proper shape, with a nice platform and a large number of chairs. The Captain's work was not in vain. Crowds were good all day, and many hearts were touched by the power of God.—S. Scarr, Ensign.

OSHAWA.—Transferred very suddenly from Brampton to this corps. God has indeed helped us, and already QUINCE SOULS have been forwarded and claimed victory. We spent July 1st in the country at the residence of our comrades, Moses and Mrs. Wheeler, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Blessed meetings, comrades refreshed.—Capt. and Mrs. Josh Jones.

Dedicated Baby.

ST. JOHN, N.B.—Things that have happened: Father Turner, a good, old Army friend, has been called away. We miss him in the meetings, but today he sings with the blood-washed. Fourteen have been added to the roll. Eleven of these have been saved at the Army penitentiary form. No. 1 barracks, within the last three months. Sergt. and Mrs. Andrews' little child, Earnest Earl Andrews, has been dedicated to the Lord by Ensign Coombs. God bless the father and mother! The baby was christened at the evening June 28th, has been read. A good Army friend walked in the ring last Sunday and paid a dollar bill on the drum head.—T. C.

Picnic, Oh!

KINGSTON.—Two souls. Thursday night, one soul Sunday night. Dominion Day we had a private picnic with the corps and friends, at a beautiful grove on the shore of the lake. We all enjoyed it very much. Very much. Find a meeting at night before coming into city, and all came back feeling better in body and soul. The Kingston comrades are at present enjoying the visit of one of their old comrades, Capt. St. McHenry, of Pridmore, for Ensign and Mrs. McLean.

BURIN, NF.LD.—After eight months' lighting at Fortune, orders came to leave and proceed to Burin. The comrades of Fortune gathered on the wharf to wish us good-bye, and as we shaved off from the pier they started to sing. "Shall we gather at the river?" We waved at Burin at twelve o'clock in the night. Found one of our Sergeants there to meet us. Sunday night's meeting led by Captain Moulton, who is here to see his friends. Five professed to find salvation, and are full of faith for this place.—Annie Keen.

PERTH.—Visited Fallbrook, twelve miles from Perth. We held a grove meeting. Nearly one hundred and fifty people stood and listened to us. We were in for a cold winter. Some of our church friends got there, and also we ourselves got blessed. We had a good collection, sold all the War Crys. Left a deep impression on the attentive crowd.—A. Ketter.

SARNIA, NF.LD.—FOUR souls for pardon, TWO for clean heart, ONE for healing. Very short stay. Sorry to leave. Mrs. Cockerill's health failed. Going for a rest. Love the fight as much as we love the war. Glad to get the front again. Well saved.—Captain Cockerill.

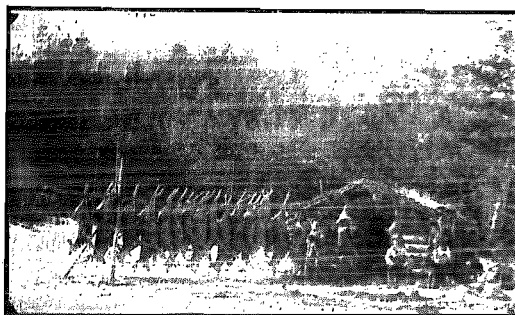
SAFE HOME AT LAST.

She Left a Bright Testimony.

The death angel has again visited the ranks of the Picton corps. This time the call came to Sister Manroe, who has been a soldier for some years. She was quite ready when the time came. She was very anxious that her loved ones should meet her in heaven. She left a bright testimony behind that she had gone to be with Jesus. Her wish was to be buried in her uniform, also to have an S. A. funeral. The band and comrades met at the house and held a service here, and then marched to the grave. We believe that it has left an impression on the hearts of the people of Picton that shall not be forgotten.

We do pray that God may bless and comfort our dear husband and children, and that it may be the means of winning them to Jesus.

H. WALKER, Captain.



HUNTING CAMP, MONTANA.

PUSH!

By BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Being a Call to His Eastern Comrades
for a United Summer Effort

CHAPTER III.

Chatham District.

Though not a large domain, yet none the less important. Chatham and the neighboring town offers good fields for Army warfare, especially in the summer months.

The worthy D.O., Ensign Matthews, will make hay while the sun shines. Campbell is having a few souls. Newcastle is in for a haul, not this time, either. Now comrades, more fire, dash, and red hot religion for the NINETEENTH century.

-30-

Moncton District.

Oh, Moncton, hndst thou known, even a tiny dot, the peace and blessing belonging to thee, thou wouldn't have been better! Still, we toll on! Nothing dented. Ensign Bradley is on the war path. Glad in full armour, he presses on! I can't say.

Capt. Rogers, Amherst, is gaining ground. Souls have been saved. One or two at Sussex, a couple in the Circle Corps at Hillsboro, and so on, and so forth.

Go on, comrades, with the soul-saving business, huh! Oh, for a harvest of souls!

-30-

Spring Hill District.

Ensign and Mrs. Tilley must rest. Played right out. God bless and make them strong. We have lost a good many soldiers from here, who have gone away to other parts, and are fighting away for God and the Army. Things are brightening up at Acadia Mines. Lieut. Clark has fought a good fight. God bless him in his new field.

Turo is coming on. Capt. Allen is in for moving. Ditto Pughwasi. Farewell is the order of the day. WANTED, candidates who will go. Who will dare?

-30-

New Glasgow District.

No less a person than Ensign Alward has the oversight of this glorious Army field. We have not heard of New Glasgow. We still live, and, thank God, we move. MOVE ON, COMRADES! The D. O. is in for special meetings at Sydney and North Sydney this summer.

THE PRESENT is the front. Souls are coming to life and salvation.

NOTE—The D. O. is in for ten candidates. One is already. Praise the Lord. WHERE are the nine?

March on, comrades. Press souls into the kingdom.

-30-

Prince Edward Island District.

This is the place where you can enjoy yourself, anyway your worthy Chasler is loud in his praises of the land. Then Ensign Galt will not be behind in making known the exquisite beauties of the place, especially that part of the Salvation Army.

Have we an Army? Yes, indeed, and a good one, too. Certainly we can grow, flourish, and get fit all around. Lord help us!

LISTEN: Three souls at Georgetown. Fire a volley! Some at Charlottetown, and thus we go on. Capt. Allen, of Summerside, is not very well. Pray for him. Fight on, comrades. The battle is the Lord's!

-30-

Yarmouth District.

This is the spot, says Ensign Desbrisly. News just to hand from the D. O. of five to be entered at Freeport. Clark's Harbour has got their drum. Bear River is looking up. Great preparations are being made for camp meetings at Digby and Yarmouth. NOW, SOLDIERS, make up your minds to be gone. The work rolls on at Yarmouth. Souls are getting saved!

-30-

Windsor District.

Poor Ensign Watson! At the time of writing he was in the hospital. Not only the children (two of

them serious) down sick, but dear Mrs. Watson. Let all comrades pray for them. Be of good cheer, Ensign and Mrs. Watson. God will help you! Capt. Kenway is on the Bridge. He's an old hand on deck and will help to steer the ship along. Capt. Green has been resting. Annapolis is moving in the right direction. Kentville officers are farewelling and are bound for —.

-30-

Farewell!

Capt. Byers leaves us for the West. Toronto will reap our loss. Byers I remember years ago. What God has done for and through him is more than tongue can tell. Sorry to lose you, Captain. God go with you and make you a blessing.

-30-

Rescue Work.

Adjutant Cowan is far from well. Struggling on against weakness, trusting in Almighty God for victory. Cadet Bell, who knows the Candidate Bell, is accepted, and goes to assist in the Rescue Home at Halifax.

Captain Moore, of the St. John Home, goes on furlough. Cadet Harvey has returned. Without doubt, God has blessed the efforts of the officers here. Ensign Elery is and in it. Patience, kindness, firmness, sympathy, is not only required but shown.

-30-

The Shelter.

Ensign Andrews is battling away at the Shelter. Being short-handed some time ago, Mrs. Andrews went nobly to her husband's side and supplied the needs of all comers. Things are going along nicely. A good run of customers make their way to the Shelter for their meals. Words of kindness, earnest warnings, will in no wise lose their weight. We shall reap in due time. Hallelujah!

-30-

Matrimonial.

It's not a matter of going West this time, but coming East. Hitherto Capt. Pugh has worked single-handed. Now to add him in his work is a Mrs. Pugh. God bless them both and give them success in their labors.

-30-

THE WANDERINGS

- OF -

JUBAL'S BRIGADE.

Nineteen Souls on the Trip.

HURRAH FOR THE EAST!

Brigadier Scott thought that during the summer months it would be a good idea to send out a band of songsters and musicians for an extended tour through the Maritime Provinces; through the medium of song and instrumental music to try and bring before the careless, heedless multitude of sinners the claims of God. Hence the origin of "Jubal's Brigade." Our tour takes in places where the Army is located and places where it is not.

Leaving St. John on Wednesday, June 5th, we got to HAMPTON, where we found a minister of the Gospel waiting our arrival, who kindly billeted two of our troupe. We visited MORTON next, where again two of our company are entertained by a minister. After visiting APOLIAQU, where our drum met with an accident by being drawn from the platform under the car wheels by the suction from a passing train, we next came to SUSSEX. Here we spent Saturday and Sunday and had the joy of seeing sinners saved and saints blessed.

On Monday and Tuesday we take in two places where there are no corps. Then came to ROYALWELL CATE. Two souls sought the Saviour. At ALBERT the next night, a grand crowd.

Friday morning we take the early train for HILLSBORO, reaching there in time for a service. We had a nice meeting there among ourselves and the officers in charge. The Captain testified to our visit being a blessing to him.

Saturday we were billed for MONCTON, but owing to a disappointment in the boat we had engaged not com-

ing for us we were deprived of going by water, so had to go by land, arriving late. Here we were reinforced by Brigadier Scott, who had come to spend Saturday and Sunday with us, also by Sister Forsythe, of Dartmouth, who joined us here for the trip.

On Sunday we saw five kneeling at the cross for pardon.

Tuesday finds us in the college town of SACKVILLE. Here our music on the street was increased by local Army talent. At AMHERST we had the joy of seeing a NACON. Our next stop was a MACON, where two Amherst soldiers came to our aid. After taking in JOGGIN MINES we reach SPRINGHILL for Saturday and Sunday. Here we found the Ensign unwell. Some of the soldiers here have moved away to other parts, so it leaves the corps so much less.

However, 20 new ones have been brought in. Hallelujah! At PARRISBORO on Tuesday night one soul sought pardon. The volunteers came the day of our meeting to camp. Big crowd at the station to watch their arrival, so we had a good chance by our afternoon march before they came to announce our meeting. We next day came the Minas Basin to KINGSFORD, where the Congregational church is kindly loaned us for the meeting.

After taking in CANNING and CENTREVILLE we come to KENTVILLE for Saturday and Sunday. One soul Saturday night.

God has been blessing us on the tour. We have seen some 19 souls at the penitent form, which encourages our hearts.

ONE OF THE BRIGADE.

GIVE TO A SOLDIER'S HOME.

She Loved the War Cry.

AMHERST, N.S.

Our dear sister, Mrs. Wm. De Wolfe, has gone to be with Jesus. Converted when very young, she was the means of leading her father, now in glory, to Christ. Sad to say, she drifted and got cold, but at some special camp meetings held in Moncton last August by Brigadier Jacobs

SHE RETURNED TO THE SAVIOUR

and ever since has rejoiced in Him. She was a great sufferer, but always so gentle and patient. Although young, and leaving a helpless infant and a kind husband, she was resigned to the will of God. I asked her just a day or so before she closed her eyes in death if she was happy in Jesus. With a smile she replied, "I am so happy." She was a lover of the War Cry and spoke of it just before her death. Very sad to find in death she looked in her suit of blue. It was her request that she should be buried in the uniform. Praise God, she died at her post. At the memorial service some volunteered to follow Jesus. May God comfort those that mourn her loss.



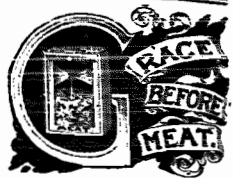
Mrs. De Wolfe, Amherst, N.S.

Our promoted comrade.

Though many were her friends while here,

The Saviour was her choice; And when death came it brought no fear.

She welcomed Jesus' voice. A. DOUGLAS, Capt.



LIGHT BRIGADE FINANCE

Notes and Comments by Major J. Read

Four sailors (Salvationists) anxious to do something to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, even though they themselves have to be away from home, have sent for Grace-Box Meat boxes to be despatched to them at Malta. Any other friends at a distance, willing to assist the destitute, can have a box upon application to Headquarters. \$ \$ \$

An individual whose box was found empty several times, excused herself by saying "it was forgotten," and when the agent proposed taking it away to give to someone else who would use it, remarked tartly—"But it is such a nice ornament for the centre of my mantel shelf." Quite true, but, as the agent answered, "our Light Brigade boxes, whilst being of ornament, are more for use than for show."

Javanna cannot survive on empty ornaments! \$ \$ \$

The General has set us an example for the advancement of the Light Brigade (as he has done in every other branch of our work) which should be copied by every bodiboder. The General for his instructions with his housekeeper

is always to be made up to a little more each quarter than the last—should it not already reach such amount. Magnificent principle, hallelujah! \$ \$ \$

One little girl we know average \$5 per quarter in her Grace-Box-Meat box. This is good. A Captain stationed at a medium corps had seven shillings in his box last quarter, every penny contributed by himself.

\$ \$ \$

Toronto is to be well looked after in the future. It is high time we got a "move on" in this city. Proper and organized effort is being made and anticipations are bright. The Commandant has decided that all the box money collected in cities where there are social institutions shall go to these respective homes and after working expenses, like of course, etc. have been met. Now, Victoria, Winnipeg, London, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, St. John, Halifax, St. John's, N.S., go are all in the swim.

\$ \$ \$

Captain Ross reports that good interest is being stirred up round the north. The Captain is pushing the scheme in the future. This is a good idea. The new box will be exquisite of design and even more tasty and attractive than the others. Ross will have them in stock—Capt. Scobell has paid a hurried visit to Toronto. He reported good news, and actually walked out of the city again with a good lantern and an admirable set of slides. Look out ye field officers for the W. O. P. P. A.

Adjutant Magee has been at war, and the devil is evidently rearing his attacks. He writes: "About 100 hoodlums at P— formed a mob and followed us right through the town, hooting, yelling and blowing horns. I tried on the devil's cars at P— One fellow challenged me to come outside and fight. They saw me off on the train, warned me to sell my face," etc., etc.—Captain Magee is asking for 300 additional for the great Northwest. Hurrah for the L. M.

ORANGEVILLE — Sunday, very warm. Made the people like to hang round the shade. God was with us, and ONE SOUL came to the cross. — R. Wilson, Captain.

—THE— BLACK DIAMOND CITY.

Nanaimo Corps History

CHAPTER III.

A BRAVE SOUL—"TH' HIE, ANYWAY"
—FLOODING—A WELL-TIMED
REBUKE—HOW TO FURNISH A
QUARTERS—THE FIRST AND LAST
SUMMERS—JUST SAVED IN TIME
—"RUSTY."

The second to kneel at the penitent form was Maggie Deegan. This dear naïve, though not physically strong, felt as soon as God saved her that her place was where she could be most used in blessing and helping others. Officers were sorely needed, she sent in her application, and was accepted. Orders came for Vancouver, and leaving the home she loved so dearly she went forth, determined that all the strength and energy she possessed should be used in the service of her Master. Her godly life told upon all with whom she came in contact, but her career in the field was not for very long. After fighting as Lieutenant for a short time, her health failed and she went to her home on Gabriola Island to rest, from whence she was promoted to glory in March, 1893. Not one who visited her in

Her Last Illness

came away without gaining encouragement and inspiration from her words. Only the day before her death she remarked to a comrade that she looked forward to the time when she would "step from the kitchen into the parlor," little thinking that the time was so near.



CAPT. COWAN, NANAIMO.

Just previous to the administration of the chloroform, under the influence of which her spirit took its flight, she said to those around, "It's all right; I'm hie, anyway."

The third convert was Sister Louie Smith. She was almost a child when she sought salvation, and many of her friends and acquaintances counted her conversation as excellent, or a childish fancy. But, hallelujah! it has grown with her, and after fighting as a soldier at Vancouver and Nanaimo, she is still in the ranks at Tacoma, U.S.A.

Others might be mentioned who were saved at this time but have gone elsewhere.

The increase of numbers, though gradual, was sure; still, the

Little Handful of Salvationists

often felt their insufficiency as they looked on the open-air. But God helped them, and though perhaps results were not as visible as in other openings on the coast, they gradually won their way into the hearts of those whom they were "seeking to save."

Disturbances were few, for it might be mentioned here that ever since the advent of the S. A. in Nanaimo in



LIEUT. CARROLL, NANAIMO

greater kindness could have been shown than that manifested by the police, who have at all times been ready to give any assistance necessary.

One little incident, however, proved the sympathy that some of these "diamonds in the rough" had for the Salvationists.

While holding an open-air meeting a young man threw a missile into the ring, as if intending it for the officers. He was quickly grabbed by some of the indignant crowd and

So Roughly Handled

that no second attempt was ever made.

When the time came for a change of officers, two inmates arrived on the scene in the persons of Captain Breton and Lieutenant Gooding. During their stay business improved, the crowds were larger, and, best of all, the harvest was soon reaped in a revival of souls.

One important event was the furnishing of the first officers' quarters, which was accomplished in a very short time, as the generous, good-hearted people gave all that was needed. In one particular meeting, when the Captain was asking for donations of furniture, a wash tub was dropped through the window. To the surprise of everyone present, in a few minutes the donor was marched in by a policeman, but with a "God bless you" from the Captain, was speedily released. Those two made many friends, who have remained such ever since. Among the number are Mrs. Cowie and Hirst Brothers. The next in charge were Captain (now Ensign) Laura Aikenhead, and Lieut. Kate Fraser. During their stay in Nanaimo many were converted who are in the ranks to-day.

The Confidence of the People

was won, and the work took rapid strides. As might be expected, his attitude met with objection to a breach being thus made in his ranks, and every conceivable idea was put into practice by some of his servants to try to upset the meetings where the grand, soul-saving work was being carried on.



SISTER PATTERSON, War Cry Boomer, Nanaimo, and POLLY and WILLIE.

But these two inmates trusted God for victory, and He gave it them. They proved by experience that "all things work together for good." In one instance a young man caused a disturbance in a meeting, using his fists a little too freely. For this he was locked up and fined the next morning, but afterwards gave God his heart and became a good soldier.

On another occasion a young man, who had often been expostulated with and warned on account of his conduct in the meetings, announced his intention at the open-air of going to the Army to "raise hell." Taking with him a man who was muddled with the devil in solution, to the utmost of his ability he carried out his threat. It was impossible to let

This Flagrant Offence

pass in order to preserve order for the future, so the next morning a summons to appear in the court was handed to him. With this all his courage (?) of the night before speedily disappeared, and the result was a visit to the Captain petitioning her to pay half the costs, and say no more about it, as he had a mother to support. His chances had been so many that the Captain could not consent, but she did not press the charge, and after paying expenses he was dismissed, not before, however, receiving a severe reprimand from the judge.

This had the desired effect. They experienced no more trouble in that direction, and had no occasion to make a second example.



MRS. GARLAND, the Army's G.B.M. Agent, Nanaimo.

IN FEBRUARY, 1890, a young man who had attended the meetings for some time became deeply convicted, got converted, and took his stand as a soldier. Only two weeks after his conversion he was killed instantly by falling off a derrick in the stone quarry in which he was employed. This solemn event made a deep impression on many who had hitherto seemed the most careless. This being the first S. A. funeral it was largely attended, and from that open grave many afterwards started for Heaven. The work at this time was

Going Ahead Splendidly

when farewell orders came, Captain Coulter and Lieutenant (now Captain) Scott taking charge. The revival continued, the barracks was filled every night, and finances bloomed. Many of those who form the corps to-day look back to this as the time when they started to fight "under the good, old, Army flag."

The people, too, who had seemingly taken little or no interest in the S. A., began to inquire into their methods, when they saw those whom they had known as drunkards and gamblers changed by the power of God into sober and upright men, while even the most indifferent acknowledged that there must be some good in it from the striking results, as the following will prove:

One of our soldiers was working with a man who strongly ridiculed everything and everybody associated with religion, but on being asked his opinion of the S. A., said, "Well, I

can't say as I've seen much of them, but I do know that since

That Fellow They Call "Rusty"

has joined 'em, he's a deal sight better than he used to be, and I hope he'll stick to it."

Thank God not only "Rusty," but many more, are still sticking to the old corps that brought them to the fold.

(To be continued.)

CAPTAIN!!!



Begin to Plan and Scheme for the Successful Working of This Year's

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Good Old Joel!

How John B. Gough was Saved From a Drunkard's Grave.

On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging the Elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched wall on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house. As he sauntered along out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A



stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, in cordial tones,

"MR. GOUGH, GO DOWN

to our meeting at the town hall to-night." A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made.

WITH TREMULOUS HAND

he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help he kept it. The poor boot crimp who tapped him on the shoulder—good Joel Stratton—has now gone to Heaven. But the youth he saved was still recently one of the foremost reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of the Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester. "He that winneth souls is wise."

LIVE.

DUCKS, CHICKENS, FOWL, and ever a STEER were donated to last year's

Harvest Festival, HURRAH!

Fifteen tenement houses are to be built in one of the worst slum districts of New York City, after the plans of two women architects, who have given special study to the light, air, and separation of families, problems hitherto neglected in tenement house building.

CORRESPONDENCE!

BRANDON, Man., June 18, '95.

Editor War Cry.

Dear Sir:—Being a busy man, consequently not having much time to devote to the material building up of Christ's kingdom, also being slow of speech, consequently a man of few words, thought I would take this opportunity of writing a fragment of my Christian experience through the columns of the War Cry.

I was converted in a little Methodist church, in a little village not far from the eastern coast of England. I don't exactly remember my age, but I think I must have been about 16 years old. I remember how God's Spirit came with me, how the power of the Holy Ghost fell on that little assembly of uneducated rustics. I remember how I called upon God to be merciful to me, a sinner, and how He answered my prayer. Oh, the joy, the inexpressible happiness which came to my soul! No tongue can tell how happy I felt. It seemed as if I had been exalted to a higher sphere. It seemed to me as if Heaven had suddenly dropped to earth. I remember, too, as soon as I felt that my sins were washed away, I began to pray for my elder brother, and, bless the Lord, He answered my prayer. Methinks that no person under Heaven could be any happier than I was then. How true and good seemed to me "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light." But, somehow, since that time, I have drifted away nearer the frigid zone of indifference. I have "hung my harp upon the willow," I am still desirous of better things. I am still longing for that old-time, early love, that first love, which seemed to absorb my whole life. Why is it that I cannot possess it as I once did? I would to God I had that holy pure, and unalloyed life that I hear some of the officers of the S. A. speak of. Some call it holiness, others call it sanctification, but to me it is mystification. I understand being justified by faith and having my sins forgiven, but I can't understand having the tree of sin, which has been implanted in our breasts since the fall of Adam, taken out by the roots, destroyed, annihilated, as it were. If there is such a thing as getting rid of the roots of bitterness, I want to get rid of them. If there is such a thing as being holy on this earth I want to be holy. If there is such a thing as getting rid of the desire for sin, then pray for me, officers and soldiers of the S. A., that this desire may leave me.

Hoping you won't think this too long or tedious for the pages of the War Cry, as it may be a blessing to others as well as myself, by devoting a plan whereby we may be led out of our darkness and mystery into the light of understanding. Yours in His war, J. A. ROWLAND.

J. A. R.—The fact that on your own confession you have "drifted away" is a most pitiable plight to be in. To drift means to be ruined and lost. You have fallen from your first love. This, too, is a sin of which you will have to sorrowfully repent. To have this restored, you must turn, go back over the old ground, renew your broken vows, and determine to do right as you have fallen from your first love. When you have thus repented and found forgiveness, then will come the desire to consecrate your all, goods, time, friends, belongings, and all your possessions, to God for the extension of His blessing kingdom. You must come to God's altar with this determination and prayer.

My spirit, soul, and body,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine evermore to be."

Then go out into the world and carry out the spirit, the whole power of the revelations, and you will find the great blessing you so much desire.

"Give of the Fruits of Thy Labor"

AND REMEMBER THE

Great Harvest Festival.



Tune—Jesus paid it all.

On the cross of Calvary
Jesus died the lost to save,
Gave His life to ransom me,
Though I was a guilty slave.

Chorus.

Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow.

Sinner, will you stop and think
Of His Saviour's love to you?
Stop before you deeper sink,
Grace will make your heart anew.

Christ is waiting now to save,
Sinner, do not stay away!
Come, oh, come, and seek His grace,
Mercy can be found to-day.

BERTHA FALLIST, Kingston.

(o) — (o) — (o)

Tune—"O Lord, on Thee our eyes
we cast: Earth's crown," "B.J."
59; "S.A.L." 498; Oh, the Lamb,
the bleeding Lamb, "B.J." 3 and
72.

O sinner, come to Jesus now,
Behold He waits and pleads;
He's waiting now with outstretched
hands,
And for you intercedes.

Chorus.

Oh, come just now, the Saviour waits,
He's calling now for thee;
Now yield your heart and let Him in,
And from destruction flee.

He's waited long for you to come,
And knocks aloud to-night;
Now yield your heart and let Him in,
He'll fill your soul with light.

When Jesus lives within your heart
All will be peace and love;
He'll cleanse your soul and it will
glow
With joy from Heaven above.

SISTER MRS. GOODCHILD.

RESCUE NOTES.

MRS. BOOTH.

Parkdale Rescue Home and its Latest News.

We have been exceptionally busy of late housecleaning and getting the place generally put in order. Early in the morning the paper hanger might have been seen making his way to the Home. Result, our meeting room and sewing room are quite transformed. The girls and officers have worked very hard, going from the top of the third story right down to the basement. The garden, too, has not been neglected, as the disappearance of long grass, etc., testifies. While our hands have been busy, our minds have been

Very Much Worried

over the serious illness of some of our little ones, and in spite of all our care two have been taken away. Nor has this been our only anxiety, for have we not been visited several times by thieves, who have broken into the Home, and, besides, carrying away food, etc. May God deal with them, whoever they are.

If I continue in this strain you will think we have nothing but difficulties, but though they are many, we have our joys too, and before I tell you them I must tell you of another burden, or rather two other very heavy ones. One is our rent. This we have not had to pay in the past, the Government grant having covered this. Now this is insufficient, and we are striving to get monthly subscribers to the amount of \$30. If any of our readers would like to help us, we shall be so glad to hear from you. Address 48 Jamestown Avenue. The other is the need for more help. If

Tune—Down in the garden, "B.J."
67; Oh, the Lamb, "B.J." 3, and
"B. J." 72.

Oh, dark indeed the past may be,
And sins as mountains rise;
Hark, sinner, Jesus calls for thee,
He'll heed your penitent cries!

Chorus.

Jesus is pleading, calling now to thee;
Sinner, won't you heed His mercy?
He can make the captive free.

Oh, sinner, look, the Saviour stands
Alone at Pilate's bar;
For thee the nails went through His
hands,
No longer with Him war.

Five bleeding wounds He did receive
Alone on Calvary's tree;
His blood He shed, His love He gave,
And died to set you free.

CADET WRAY, Lifeboat, Toronto.

(o) — (o) — (o)

Tune—"We'll all shout hallelujah,
"B. J." 26; Ready to die, "B.J." 10.

With a hatred for sin,
Let the battle begin,
All the warriors of Heaven draw nigh;
While Jehovah we greet,
We shall never retreat,
Till the enemy shall scatter and fly.

Chorus.

We'll all shout hallelujah.

For the sinner to meet,
Through the rain or the heat
We will march with a heart full of
love;
We will tell them of One
Who from Calvary has come,
And is waiting to greet them above.

PICKER.

you could see how our dear officers
toll

Day After Day, Early and Late,

not only here, but in the Women's
and Children's Shelter, all they are
worn out, I am sure you would feel
this is a burden. Who will help us?
Look at the poor, old women and
their stretched condition, and the
girls, who, but for the Rescue Home,
might be worse than on the street,
then send in your application. Write
to Mrs. Booth at once and begin to
do something that will tell for
eternity. Now the joys. Come with me
to our last Sunday evening meeting.
At the sound of the bell the girls all
gathered round the table in the lec-
ture room. As we sang, and prayed,
and talked, God came very near, the
tears were seen filling some eyes, and

Conviction was Stamped

on several faces, and first one hand
and then another went up, till four
had manifested their desire to be
saved. God is always near to a peni-
tent soul, and soon the light shone
in their faces. I might go on telling
of those who have been sent to her
parents in Scotland, and others who
are gone to situations, but will stop,
as this is the sixth page, and I know
how the editor likes short articles.
I will finish by giving you all a
heavy invitation to come and see us.

ADJUTANT MILTS.

From the Methodist publishing
house at Foo-Chou were issued 26,
000,000 pages last year. A similar
Presbyterian establishment in Shang-
hai, 82,000 copies of the Scriptures
and 86,700,000 pages of other books,
tracts, etc., and the Central China
Religious Tract Society issued about
1,000,000 copies of publications.

MISSING

All letter will be regarded as
strictly confidential, and must be ad-
dressed to Herbert H. Booth, Com-
mandant, C. A. Tumpie, Albert St.,
Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on
the corner of the envelope.

FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOM-
PANY APPLICATIONS.

1878—McKENNAMIN, JOHN — Left
Ireland and landed in Montreal in
1896. He is now about 80 years old.
His son, John, 8 Gomersy St., West-
port, Man., is the enquirer. New York
City please copy.

1879—JOHNSTON, JAMES, native
of (Goldensand, Scotland. Was at one
time employed as brass finisher at
Woolwich Arsenal. Last heard of
eleven years ago making enquiries for
his aunt at Blyth, previous to going
to Canada. Send information to
above address.

1880—WILLIAMS, MARY, aged 26;
rather short, dark hair, blue eyes;
native of Wales. Has lived in a situa-
tion at Aldershot, which she left,
saying she was going to Southampton
and after that to Canada. Send in-
formation to above address.

1882—BLISS, ROSA, Age about
17 or 18; medium height; light brown
hair; large eyes; fair color. Was
put in the West London District
School, Ashford, near Staines, about
6 years ago, was sent from there to
Canada by Miss Rye. Last known ad-
dress, care of Mrs. Ernest Smith, Mor-
peth Postoffice, Ontario. Enquirer
(brother) has sent several letters to
the above address, but received no
reply. Send information to above
address.

1883—McNEILL, MRS. (nee Betty
Meekiah). Left England 14 years ago,
had a fancy drapery business at Galt,
Ont., in her maiden name. Married
a gentleman named McNeill. Sister
Sarah enquires.

1884—SKARRATT, WILLIAM. Last
known address, care of Mr. Bassett,
Deseronto, Ont.; farm laborer. Father
enquires.

1885—AMBLER, MRS. ROADES.
(nee Lizzie Flynn). Age about 37;
very dark; height about 5 ft. Last
heard of three years ago; was then
living at Angus House, East Angus,
P. Q., Canada. Husband was then
working at Mrs. Ernest Smith, Light St.
Parents are very anxious for news.

1887—WYATT, WILLIAM. Fair
complexion, black eyes, deep scar
under left eye, deformed in left foot.
Went into "Dr. Barnardo's Home" in
March, 1885, and was sent to Canada
on July 15, 1885; landed at Que-
bec on July 21, 1885, and went to the
school, Hazelbriar, Ont., and from
there to Masford with a Mr. Brown,
then left and went to live with a
Mr. Simpson, Vanastier, just heard of
in Nov. 1890. Supposed to be work-
ing on a farm. Mother enquires.

1888—HANSEN, PETER AND
FREDERICK (twice). Natives of
Denmark. Their address in 1893 was
386 10th Avenue, North Winnipeg,
Manitoba.

1889—McREYNOLDS, ROLAY, age
54, 6 ft., pock-marked. Left Res-
cue Home, Dungeness, Co. Tyrone, Ireland,
about 25 years ago, and went to
Rossmore, Ont.; farmer. Mr. Hugh
McReynolds (nephew) enquires.

IMPORTANT!

An enquiry comes from Cape Town,
South Africa, for CRISTMAN PETER
RODWELL, who has not been heard
from for twelve months. Was then
living in Nelsonville, Ont. His mother
is very anxious; broken-hearted. Ad-
dress, Mrs. Lindsey, Claremont, South
Africa.

H.F.-H.F.

DATES:

Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
August 31st, September 1st, 2nd.

- GET READY! -